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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Ourselves and the Newest English Prince.

Welcome to the heir of Brunswick and future Duke of Cumberland, the only direct male heir of all our Stuart and Hanoverian Sovereigns! It is nice to know that the youngster weighed a good eight pounds at his birth, and has every chance of continuing the most interesting line of British princes. He was badly wanted; and though he is never likely to be well-known in London, he is, after the descendants of Queen Victoria, heir to the British throne. To ourselves he is doubly interesting, for *Modern Life* was the first journal in the world to announce his coming. Our special information on this delicate matter appeared in these columns on October 25th last. The *Daily Mail* found our "exclusive" to be quite true on January 17th of this year! Which is more than the *Mail's* own "exclusives" usually are, when they deal with Royal folks! And our statement that the baby's father will some day be "King of Hanover" will also prove true.

That was why the Kaiser was so keen upon marrying his daughter to the son of the Duke of Cumberland, the *de jure* King of Hanover, for the Duke's son, the Duke of Brunswick, was the German Princess's only chance of being a reigning Queen, all the other heirs to European thrones being out of the running, either because they were already married, too young, or of the wrong religion. No harm would be done by reviving the kingly title for the Duke of Brunswick; the vanity of the Hohenzollerns would be gratified; and the new King would be a very rich man, for, strange to say, the Duke of Cumberland, who has not been to see his relations in London for forty years, is the best-off of the bunch of British royalty. His wife is, of course, Queen Alexandra's youngest sister.

The Duchess of Cumberland never comes to London either, and though her husband, the Duke, cuddles his grievances against his English relations almost as persistently as he did those against the Hohenzollerns over the loss of his father's crown, his charming Danish wife stands by him right through, and refuses to bend the knee to the descendants of the Guelphs in England.

* * *

Baronet's Romantic Widow.

How much will Mr. Stanley Paul give us for our recollections of Ada Lady Mansel? It was in her "select apartments" at Stockport that we first met the baronet's widow who, in days of yore, had Tivoli audiences and Empire knuts at her feet, and life was verily roses, roses (and bouquets) all the way! The baronet has been dead three dozen years or more; the Tivoli is closed up; the "apartments" are sold; and Ada Lady Mansel is in Carey Street, and seemingly unlikely ever to be out of it. And what a romance her pretty ladyship's life would make! The Tivoli, of course, must always have Lady Mansel's most delightful recollections. Perhaps that is why she bought that rotten "spec," the Tivoli at Bristol.

* * *

Why the Mansels were Stand-offish.

Anyway, the mortgagees foreclosed, and Lady Mansel went out without a penny! Her late husband's family have never been over-gracious to her ladyship; which, perhaps, is not difficult to understand, for two hundred years ago they were Lords Mansel of Margam, and they are to-day almost oldest family in the Baronetage. The Mansels are one the old English houses who always have twins! Ada Mansel, however, never had singles even! Instead adopted twenty-five children of other people, and them for her company of juveniles: hence her difficulty keeping clear of the law on a salary of 25 a week!

* * *

Pity the Poor Dukes.

Our readers already know all about the Duke of Devonshire's troubles over the death duties on the late Duke's estate—how he had to sell off the ancestral flocks of Sheep down sheep; put an end to his racing stud; stop running his Eastbourne pack of foxhounds; and give Prince Arthur a two-guinea-engraving as a wedding present! Now he has had to sell the wonderful Chatsworth collection of Caxtons! What will he sell next? Devonshire House, Piccadilly, *might* be "a way out!" It would tickle the palates of the American millionaires no end! How Mr. Lloyd George must grin when he reads these newspaper stories of the sufferings of the poor dukes! His Grace of Atholl has had to make over some of his Scottish estates to his son Tullibardine, Lord Lansdowne has had to do ditto by his son Nairne; Manchester is saving money by living on his, or somebody else's, yacht; the Duke of Bedford has had to sell Covent Garden to Mr. Mallaby-Deeley; the Duke of Grafton is clearing out of Northamptonshire; the Duke of Montrose has been easing himself of some of his Glasgow property; the Duke of Abercorn has sold a picture to an American millionaire for £80,000; the Duke of Buccleuch has been getting in pounds sterling by land sales: his Grace of Sutherland has some 250,000 acres in the market; the Duke of Marlborough is growing corn in his Home Park! The poor dukes! *What* a time Mr. Lloyd George is giving them!

* * *

Portland Still Merry and Bright.

The only one of our dukes who seems to go cheerily on life's rugged highway without a groan is his Grace of Portland, who appears to write a cheque for some institution or other nearly every day of the week, and is just now having the time of his life over his son Titchfield's coming-of-age and his own prospective silver jubilee. The Duke's latest gift is £250 to the Nottingham Hospital, and seven acres of pleasure grounds at Mansfield. But just think of his wealth! When that artful sponger, Bill Bentinck, came over in the train of William of Orange, his tallest dreams could not have carved out such fortune as awaited him. In the Record Office, in Fetter Lane, there is a dust-begrimed bundle of parchments containing lists of the scores of fat manors and noble desmesnes given by the new King to the Earl of Portland, out of the Duchy of Lancaster. "Heer Benting" was like Oliver Twist—he wanted more. And he coolly proposed to take the lordships of Denbigh, Bronsfield, and Yale, in Denbighshire, which were considered to be worth £100,000 *at that time*, and generously offered to return the magnificent sum of six-and-eightpence yearly.

* * *

How the Bentincks Got Rich.

However, the Commons had a minor Lloyd George then, and Parliament compelled the King to withdraw the gift. As a recompense "Heer Benting" got thirteen manors, all parcel of the ancient revenues of the Crown of England, besides free farm rents worth £24,000. After the Battle of the Boyne Bentinck got another 135,000 acres in Ireland. The Portlands, too, have always been a lucky race. And none of them made so much money as the present Grace. One Portland married a Miss Scott, who owned a lighthouse, and in return showed a light, and collected the light-dues. Trinity House, of course, could have compelled Miss Scott's ducal husband to show a light, but desiring to be too hard on a needy duke, gave him £30,000 for Miss Scott's light dues, and spent £80,000 on building a new lighthouse. The present Duke owns 180,000 acres, some of the best land in Britain, too!—and he is the only one of our dukes who buys land! He has bought in Scotland of late years, and he paid £69,000 for one farm alone in Ayrshire. But he has made money all ways.

* * *

His Grace's Fortune from the Record Office.

The Duke's finest speculation was St. Simon. This gold-mine, for which the Duke paid 1,600 guineas, brought His Grace well over a quarter of a million. St. Simon never knew defeat, and as he lived to be 27 his stock was for many years were a handsome source of income to the owner of lordly Welbeck. In 10 years his stock was

ge sum of £529,933. He made his debut in the colours His Grace. He won several races as a two-year-old, the being a mile nursery at Doncaster, in which he carried 2lb., and scored in a hack canter—the most brilliant ery performance on record! Next season he walked for the Epsom Cup, and won the Ascot, Goodwood, and castle Cups, after which he was retired to the stud. ginally his fee was fifty guineas, but so immediate and it was his success that in a few years subscriptions difficult to obtain, except by personal influence, even £500. His earnings averaged £20,000 for years, and it exaggeration to say that in this way alone St. Simon d quite a quarter of a million to the ducal fortune! No horse has equalled the earnings of St. Simon at the Another £100,000 has to be added for the sums won His Grace by St. Simon's progeny. Lucky dog, Portland!

* * *

ve and the Sad Sea Waves.

ndlubbers, beware! The buds are out on the trees; Easter specials to the "Cornish Riviera" are booking all the corner seats, the pierrots are emerging from their hen-basements in Brixton, and looking out the fag-ends last year's rouge and burnt-cork; and the Folkestone ers are sitting to decide what they shall do to prevent exclusive resort from continuing to be the least hospit- and most uncomfortable and unsheltered spot on our ged coast! Love, too, laughs in the breezes that come the daffodils, and love, you know, is infectious—and gerous! Last Thursday half the judges in the law courts engaged in cases where innocent trips to the seaside brought cartloads of trouble in their train. Miss lyn Baillie, of Hove, was winning her £150 from already twice-widowed Monsieur de Brech, of Finsbury with a Mr. Hastings as her legal champion; love-letters full of "agonies of suspense"—all due to From Westcliffe-on-Sea, Mr. Justice Darling had to to the reasons why little Elsie Lummis wrote to the traveller in net-mesh bodices, "Percy, my darling, I am nearly mad with misery. Percy, darling, give me some comfort to ease my aching heart!" while it is perfectly certain that if Mrs. Thornley, the rich Haymarket saddler's daughter, had not gone off to Eastbourne for her honeymoon trip, she would never have clapped eyes on the man who was destined to be her ruin! But what Eastbourne began, the Isle of Man completed, for when the lady's elopement finally took place, it was to Douglas that the naughty pair repaired, to continue their illicit romance! Hence the damages of £4,800 for Mr. Thornley, which, by-the-way, are the record damages ever awarded to a tradesman (Mr. Thornley is a tailor) for the loss of a wife. So, ye Brighton k'nuts and Folkestone flappers, when the shades of night fall upon Maderia Walk and the Lower Road, remember there is mischief in the lullaby of the waves! So you had much better think of Mrs. Thornley, and go home!

* * *

What is a Gentleman?

There was a good deal of suppressed amusement at the "Rag" the other evening, when Polly Carew came in in a boiling rage, and explained that he had had to tell "that ass Seely" that he was "no very good judge of a gentleman!"—and other things! Polly is still "going for" the Secretary for War, who has made a new critic (and no inconspicuous one, either), in my Lord Ormonde's gallant and dapper son-in-law. All the trouble arose because, in a moment of barrack-room irresponsibility, Polly happened to remark in the House that naval experts had said that we could not rely upon the Navy to prevent an invasion, but that the said experts had since "gone back on their word!" You wouldn't have thought that was the sort of remark that need umbrage anybody, considering the things that are said sometimes, but Colonel Seely pretended to be shocked beyond measure, and, with his nose in the air, demanded to know what Sir Reginald Pole-Carew meant by "going back on their word!" Half an hour later the Colonel returned to the charge. He meant to sting Polly, and he succeeded, as was natural in a gal-

THE SOLUTION.

"Have you decided which of the two you are going to marry—Jack or Billy?"
"No. I like them both. I don't know what to do."
"Um. Then you will have to marry one of them to discover that you like the other better."

AFTER THE EVENT.

"Are you the same man as stole my rhubarb pie"
"No, ma'am, I'll never be the same man agen!"

lant general, with the blood of the Cornish Bullers and numerous other first-rate folk in his veins. Polly, however, stuck to his guns, absolutely refused to snivvle to the Colonel, and finished up by telling Seely that, "in his humble opinion, he was no very good judge of a gentleman!"

* * *

The Luckiest Man in the Army.

Polly used to be known as "the luckiest man in the Army!" His career has been a stride from the time he put on the scarlet of the Coldstreams forty-five years ago. Thanks to his birth, he was out in Calcutta as A.D.C. to Lord Lytton before he was thirty, when the storm clouds were gathering over Peshawar, and before he had been in the Shiny for more than a few months he was a war-worn veteran of the Kabul-Khandahar march! Lord Roberts, who was then making history (and himself!) took Polly up to the Khyber as his military secretary, and for years after Reginald Pole-Carew did similar duty for the greatest of our soldiers in India and Africa, while the Duke of Connaught had him in the same pleasant capacity in Egypt. After thirty-three years with the Army he came home, married the Kilkenny Marquess's beautiful daughter, Beatrice, and soon fathered a son and heir to his comfortable little estate of Antony, not far from Mount Edgcumbe.

* * *

Polly Carew and the Fat Major of Mahrattas.

Lady Beatrice, though not rich, is co-heiress to a very considerable property under the will of the late Lord Lismore, so Polly's son is like to be very well off one day. The wordy vendetta between Sir Reginald and Colonel Seely will be watched with keen expectancy in the House whenever Army matters are on the tapis, for Sir Reginald is one of the "characters" of the Commons in 1914, for though a man with mid-Victorian memories, his figure is that of a subaltern fresh from Sandhurst, and to make him angry is to ask for trouble, his restraint being his most dangerous weapon! I recall a *tamasha* one night in Bombay, when a bluff and burly major of Mahrattas strode up to Polly, clapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Here, you with the face of a babe and the rank of a colonel, come and have a drink!" The jibe lay in the fact that the fat Mahratta major was actually younger by five years than the baby-faced Colonel of Coldstreams! The mirth that follow parting couple was much enjoyed by the few who k ages of the pair!

* * *

Queen Alexandra and the Passing Shamrock

Did you see anybody wearing the little shamrock Patrick's Day? No? Neither did the writer. It is ful what a difference the example of Royalty makes mental matters even in these democratic days. T ago, when Queen Alexandra took a kindly hint fro Countess of Limerick, and took up the celebration great day of all Irishmen, a shamrock furore, scarc those who had no connection with the Green Isle that Queen Alexandra has ceased her active particip the St. Patrick's Day jubilations, the day is forgotten by Irish folk. They may shut up all shops in Dubl give themselves up to mafficking, but in London the all but forgotten. Why did Queen Alexandra thus quish her personal participation in the work of the rock League?

* * *

Why Queen Alexandra gave up Shamrocking

The reason was, that in view of Her Majesty's appro ing jubilee of residence in this country three years a means was devised of celebrating the day annually similar celebration, the selling of the rose of St. Geo the streets of London. Royalty has to be careful over-lap itself, and make its efforts for the good of too cheap. With the institution of Alexandra Day, all the suburban pretties lay themselves out to sell the k'nuts at the street corners for the benefit of the hospitals, the Queen-Mother had perforce to give direct encouragement to the sale of the shamrock in L So Her Majesty no longer drives out on the morn St. Patrick's Day to personally decorate the tunics Irish Guards with the trefoil, but now leaves task to F.-M. Lord Roberts, our greatest Irishman performed the duty on March 17th last. But the rocks the Irish Guards wore were provided by Alexandra from Lady Limerick's store in Limerick The St. Patrick's Day sale of Irish industries at Hyde House, was, however, opened by Queen Amelie

Sic Transit.

Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, probably the most perfect residential property on the lower reaches of the Thames, and a stately Italian villa built regardless of cost by Barry for a former Lord Tankerville, has been sold to a syndicate, for a sort of country restaurant club, to be opened in May at an annual subscription of two guineas. The vendor is Mr. Compton, a wealthy Government clothing contractor, who lived there until September of the year before last, when he went to reside at Monkswell House, the late Lord Monkswell's fine residence on Chelsea Embankment. After the Tankerville regime, Mount Felix was for many years the home of Mrs. Ingram, widow of the founder of the "Illustrated London News." She was a remarkable old lady, with an unusual lack of "h's," and her second marriage, nearly half a century after her first, to Sir Edward Watkin, also well advanced in age, was a social sensation of 1892. Another owner of this Italian villa was the late Mr. Cook, of tourist fame.

The mansion is well adapted for a club. It is surrounded by beautiful old grounds, which are, however, separated from the river by the tow-path. The house is luxuriously fitted with every modern requirement, and contains a stately hall which would make a splendid ball-room, a magnificent suite of reception rooms of very handsome proportions, billiard-room, imposing staircase, many bed-rooms, passenger lift, and electric light plant. There is spleadid dancing, big garage, as well as laundry, model farm, and dairy. King Manoel thought of taking the place, greatly liking it, but he came to the conclusion that it would cost more to keep up than he intended spending on his establishment, so instead he took Fulwell Park.

* * *

"C.B.'s" Heir.

Mr. Hugh Campbell is five-and-twenty in April, and he will then come into full possession of the handsome inheritance left by his great-uncle, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which during his minority has been administered by his mother, Mrs. James Campbell. The Liberal statesman and his wife being childless themselves made much of their young relative, treating him like a son, and when the youth called in Downing Street the Premier always found time to see him, though important people might be waiting. It was ever a matter of regret to Sir Henry that he had no son to succeed him. Once when receiving a deputation on infant mortality he humorously remarked that he was not qualified by his own experience to deal with any of the suggested remedies, but there was pathos in his voice.

Last summer Mr. Campbell sold the late Premier's favourite residence, Belmont Castle, and estate, Perthshire, to Sir James Caird, an immensely wealthy Dundee manufacturer, who takes possession at Whitsuntide. Mr. Campbell is a very eligible parti, for he owns some valuable urban property at Glasgow, and Stracathro in Forfarshire, a nice property of several thousand acres, all low ground with good mansion and fishing in the North Esk, which he inherited from his grandfather, the Right Hon. J. A. Campbell, who died in May 1908, less than three weeks after his more distinguished brother, Sir Henry.

* * *

Humble Origin of the Campbells.

Though the Stracathro Campbells rank among the landed gentry, the purchaser of the property, the present owner's great-grandfather, Sir James Campbell, and his younger brother William (founder of the Dumbartonshire Campbells of Tullichewan Castle) were shop assistants of Glasgow. One night, happening to hear a lecture on business morality by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, they set their face against the two-price system then in vogue and remonstrated with their employer. Eventually he offered to lend them £500 to start for themselves a shop in which all goods would be sold at the same price as marked in the window. The brothers gratefully accepted, and their shop run on thoroughly honest lines prospered exceedingly.

The elder was Lord Provost of Glasgow when the Prince of Wales (King Edward) was born, and so was knighted. The brothers became very rich, and at the time of the disruption of the church in Scotland William assisted the movement by giving Dr. Chalmers £10,000. But if the family fortunes of the Laird of Stracathro were founded by a shopkeeper, he can claim descent from the royal line of Scotland, through Lady Margaret Stuart, daughter of James IV. of Scotland and his kinswoman Margaret Drummond, whom he secretly married. James wrote "Tay's Banks," inspired by his love for Margaret, whose daughter, Lady Margaret Stuart, was half-sister of Mary Queen of Scots' father.

He: "Would you still think of me if I were to leave you?"
She: "Yes, if you'll only give me the opportunity."

MORE OR LESS.

Woman as a Neuter.

Men are notoriously conceited—it always annoys me when I think of a man, who is, after all, only a product of woman and his father, arrogating to himself the title of "lord of creation"—but the limit in cheek, I think, was reached by a young Russian recently, who, being asked by the alien authorities here who the young female in his possession was, calmly retorted: "It is mine." Women are many things, but they certainly are not neuter, as I hope this Muscovite youth will have found out by now. The term of "absolutely it" has, I have always understood, been reserved up to now for that strange species of humanity in spats and an eye-glass one meets up West in yellow doe-skin gloves and a hurry to keep an appointment at the Automobile Club.

* * *

A "Selfridge" Club.

By the way, I wonder just how many of the members of this Selfridge in clubs own cars, or are even interested in the world on wheels. I am told that a lot of its leading lights are advertisement managers from all the big shops, and that quite a lot of contracts are fixed up in the marble halls over the nuts and wine. Anyway, I can quite understand the rush to belong to it. Once inside, and you might be in the swimming bath or Hell so far as the outside world *and* your wife are concerned. A needle in a bundle of hay would be easier to find than a single member distributed over the vast immensity of that luxurious wilderness in Pall Mall. Now a woman can't hide herself in her club. Every other woman knows exactly what she has on and why she has come the moment she enters the club doors. I have heard a member of my sex remark that a club is an awfully useful place to make appointments in. Well, all I can say is the appointments can't have been masculine ones. Most masculine appointments outside the domestic area generally have a sub-rosa flavour about them to add to their charm, but I'll wager any money there is a woman's club in existence where you can take a to tea and—well, sandwiches—without the whole of the of the club knowing and commenting upon your act. speak as one having authority, having belonged to wome clubs myself.

* * *

Frogs' Legs.

It is very kind of the *Daily Mail* to keep us informed to Madame Caillaux's daily repast in prison. It illuminating reading, for instance, to learn that "she takes of grilled cutlets, to which she is extremely partial or that "since Sunday frogs' legs, a delicacy just in sea have figured daily on her menu." What exactly cutlets frogs' legs have to do with anybody else except Caillaux I can't imagine. I wonder the *Daily Mail* proceed to inform us that judges in France are fond diet of snails. But people seem to read this kind of with as much avidity as, in all probability, her frogs' legs, which, by the way, are really awfully I have tried them myself, and they taste just like Still, I shall avoid them in future. If frogs' legs killing editors, I think I had better stick to Bovril. to advertisement manager—"Can you do anything this?") It seems safer.

* * *

Time, Please!

Women do seem to be taking the law into their own with a vengeance lately though. You can't pick up without reading of some act of violence committed feminine hand. And, generally, it is done in the of Love! Poor Love. One wonders sometimes if he recognises himself in his strange, distorted shape modern Saint Sebastian. Love shoots arrows, he want them stuck all over him. When will a woman that her greatest strength lies in her ness, that tears are more revolvers, and a well-timed reproach dose of poison. Besides, what's the killing a man? He gets what nine out of women don't want him to have—pe They get time in England and bouquets France, and I don't know which is the annoying to the feminine mind. The thing to do in an affair of the heart has side-stepped, as it were, is to look the past tense of possession as a bad word let it go at that.

* * *

No Cod.

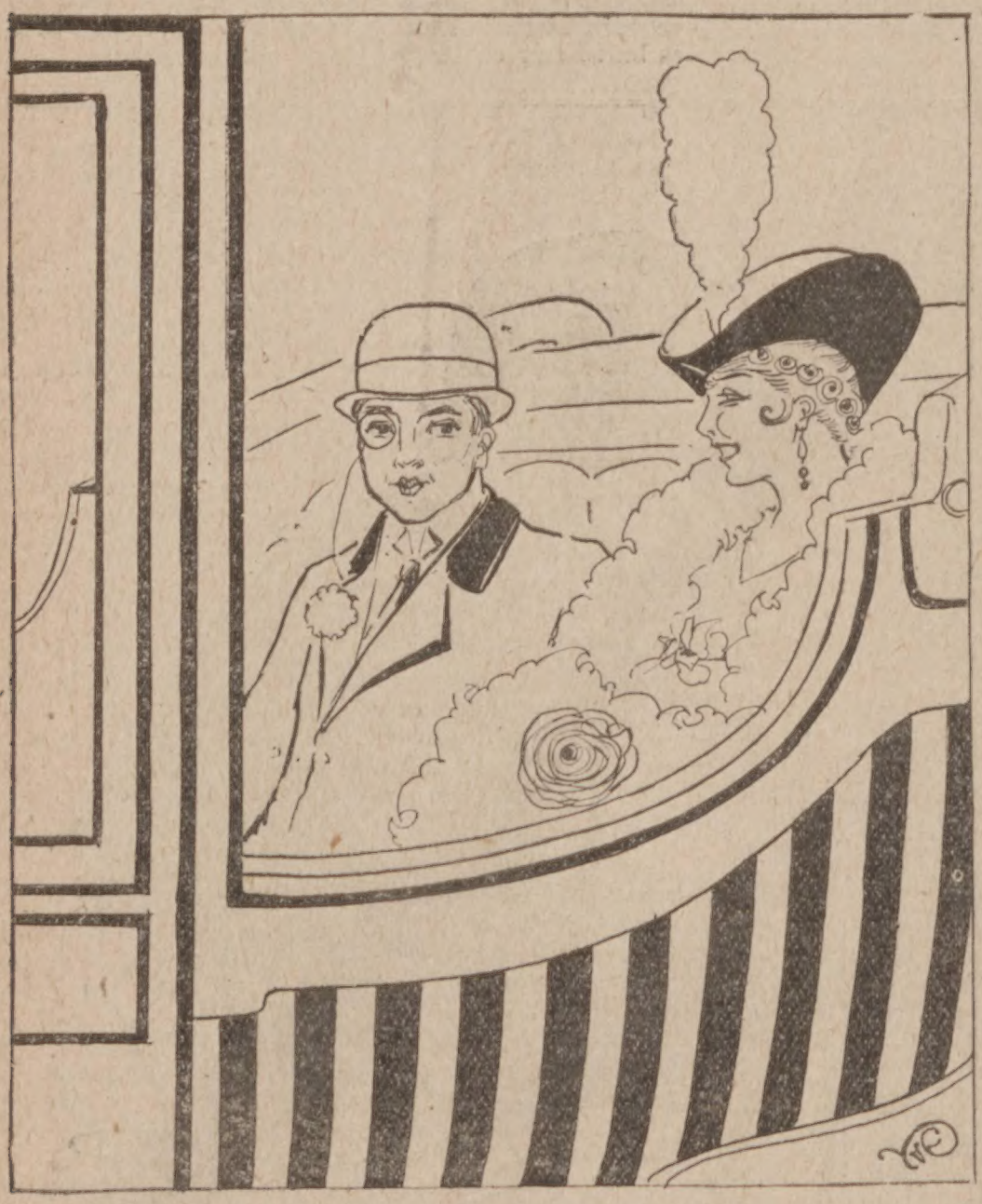
A cod with a ring in its mouth has been fished up. Of course, in an Arab night's tale the cod would be a prince in guise, the ring a token of fidelity from beautiful princess. But in sober fact daresay the cod has been eaten as a dish—fancy a prince being swallowed penance—and the ring pawned for a pence. But being of an enquiring turn mind I am wondering still how that cod the ring. There are all sorts of explanations, of course, plausible ones—but I have trying to invent one to suit my taste, failing, have fallen back upon the hackneyed one of a lovers' quarrel and a ring cast bread upon the troubled waters.

* * *

An Olive Tree.

Talking about troubled waters, if weather goes on we shall need another Noah's ark. Twenty days' rain is not far removed from forty. But, oh dear, what a time we would have in the ark. Think of all the little British isles being crowded in together Cabinet Ministers, Suffragettes, Ulster although some mackintoshes would be very useful, clergymen and ballet dancers, the Editor of *Modern Life* and George Bernard Shaw! It wouldn't be one dove that would be wanted, but a hundred.

LOUISE HEILGERS.



He: "I hinted to the Governor that he might give me a car for my coming of age present."

She: "I call that "auto-suggestion!"

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

CURRENT CLAPTRAP AND WHAT WE THINK OF IT.

Much has lately been said about the buying of honours by handsome contributions to Party funds, but no mention was made of a traffic quite as indefensible, i.e., the "purchase" of titles by ambitious women desirous of being "my lady." They arrange marriages with penniless titled men, and more transactions of this kind take place than most people imagine.

* * *

Some years ago there was a very sordid case of an ambitious woman marrying a broken-down baronet in order to become Lady C——. The couple practically separated at the church, and three or four years later the husband, the last of his line, died in extreme poverty, though his wife was fairly wealthy. Such was the tragic sequel to a "fashionable" marriage of which long accounts appeared in the Society papers, in one of which (to the writer's knowledge) the report was paid for on behalf of the bride.

* *

The best man was a well known peer, and the bride was given away by a prominent member of the world of fashion. Probably few of the guests knew the inner history of the wedding, and those sceptical of the story may find a clue to the parties in the initial which has been given.

* *

It would be interesting to know whether it is within the province of a great Government department, for instance the Board of Trade, to assist the public when appealed to for information? A question was asked the other day, yet though the matter was one which entirely concerned the department and of importance to the enquirer, the official answer regretted inability to advise on the point. It was quite polite, but the desired information was withheld, though it could have been given with as little trouble as it took to reply.

* * *

The unctuous righteousness of the Opposition at the "jobbery" of the Government is not only extremely amusing, but pharisaical. It is a well-recognized fact that the party in office looks after its supporters, and any snug berths going they get. The Unionists, when in power, did the very same thing. It is all very well for the Opposition loudly to proclaim "jobbery and corruption," but actually matters are no worse now than during the Unionist administration from 1895 to 1905.

* * *

The genial member for the Epping Division of Essex is painfully surprised at the extent to which the Government has gone in filling official positions with Radicals, but Colonel Lockwood knows in his heart that his own Ministry perpetrated jobs in favour of its supporters to an equal extent. No, the member, whose gay buttonholes and the rakish angle at which he wears his hat are features of the personalia of the House, and who is popular on both sides for his efforts to give the Commons a really cheap but at the same time excellent catering service, must find another point at which to harass the Government.

* * *

Another unjustifiable attack is that being made on the military authorities anent the alleged supply of inferior flying machines to the Army flying schools. It is, to say the least, in very bad taste, such a charge being tantamount to accusing the War Office, i.e., Colonel Seely, of a callous indifference to human life. Machines of the best workmanship only are used in the flying schools. The Royal Flying Corps is quite satisfied as to the efficiency of its machines; as an officer said, they "would not risk their lives on anything that was not perfectly reliable in every detail"! and the public would do well to take the word of those directly concerned rather than that of self-constituted experts.

* *

While on a military matter it may be asked what is wrong with the Army just now? Though the fact seems to have escaped notice desertions during the past year or fifteen months have been abnormally high — very much above the average. What the cause is does not seem clear. Possibly men take advantage of the chance of a good situation and desert, knowing that at the end of their colour service they may be homeless wanderers in search of work; anyway, it is imperative, in view of the fact that the Army is at the moment above 10,000 short of the establishment, that the cause should be ascertained.

* *

The Girl: "Oh, yes; every man has his price."
The Bounder: "Really; then what is mine?"
The Girl: "Oh, you simply give yourself away."

Only one airman has survived the ordeal of being taken up by "society" the others with whom the experiment was tried having been dropped with a celerity more like the descent of ballast from a balloon than a gentle *vol plane*.

* * *

The survivor may possibly find in the appearance of his name among the guests at the best houses compensation for his failure to secure the big "gates" which have enabled his successful rival in the air to put away a huge sum during the past twelve months.

* * *

Three night clubs have been struck off the register. We predicted this fate with regard to two of them some weeks ago, and it was high time that strong action was taken, especially as one was carried on something in the manner of an immoral house. There are now two others, one off Shaftesbury Avenue, and the other at the back of Leicester Square, that are being carefully observed by the police, and we look forward to the speedy closing down of these places.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

GOING TO HELL ON A RACECOURSE.

In one of the big cities of the North of England there used to be, years ago, one of those parsons who, having failed to attract people to churches by the ordinary methods, went in for imitating the methods of the theatre. You know the sort I mean. They are men who are feeling just a little bit shy about the efficacy of the narrow religion in which they have been brought up. They observe people staying away from their churches, and refusing, in days of education, to be bamboozled any longer by a lot of superstition and tomfoolery that has nothing to do with the only genuine religion—the religion of humanity and kindness. And so these good parsons to whom I refer, in a desperate effort to maintain their dwindling hold upon the public, do all sorts of extraordinary things to attract people to listen to their ministrations. They are especially fond of what they consider to be striking and theatrical titles for their sermons, although as a matter of fact the titles are very often more fitted for a tap-room than for a theatre, let alone a church. The dear parsons, you see, cannot somehow do things moderately. They have been so used to believing and gulping down (or pretending to do so) wonderful legends of what happened thousands of years ago to gentlemen like Moses and Jonah (long before there was a *Daily Mail* or a *Modern Life* to record these things) that they go to extremes in everything. So when they want to attract the public to their church-theatres they placard the towns with titles of their coming sermons—something like this: "Is thy servant a dog or a cat?" "Smoking a cigar to the glory of God" (this was one of the succulent Spurgeon's), "Going to Heaven in a carriage-and-pair," "Lovers' lanes that lead to perdition." And then all the dear boys and girls who like to pretend that they are anxious to die and get buried and play monotonous harps for a few million years, crowd to the church-theatre and come away nicely primed up for some emotional immorality, and with their heads crammed full of damned nonsense.

But I must get back to the particular parson I was going to tell you about. He was a past-master of the art to which I have referred—a fair knock-out, as the classics have it. And he was always in tremendous form at this particular time of the year, when all of us who love the good old sports of England turn our eyes to the old Carholme and to the unsurpassable glories of Beecher's Brook. Every spring, when Lincoln and Liverpool opened the racing season, he used to reach up to the shelf of pigeon-holes where he kept his stock of useful and ornamental sermons, and putting his fat fingers on his favourite letter—he would take down the beautiful eloquence that was contained in "Going to Hell on a racecourse." And on the following Sunday he would tell us all that the racing season was about to commence, and that millions of people who took a keen interest in racing and backed horses, many of them the finest men in England (which he omitted to mention) were just about to get ready to go to hell. It was a cheering thought, wasn't it? Lord Rosebery, soon to become Prime Minister of England, was about to go to hell. The Duke of Devonshire, one of the most powerful and influential of England's statesmen, was about to go to hell. Dick Dunn, one of the kindest and best and most honourable of men, was, because he was a bookmaker, about to go to hell. The rich young man with ten thousand a year who occasionally put a fiver on a gee-gee was about to go to hell. The poor man who sometimes puts his little bob on, win and place, was about to go to hell. Jonathan Grub Strete was about to go to hell. We were all about to go to hell, unless we rose in our wrath and massed ourselves in battalions of sanctimonious hypocrisy, and swept the racecourses of England off the face of the earth.

And, dear reader, don't you forget it, as the Yankee says, although education and the advancement of thought are doing so much to make England the home of a tolerant and broad-minded people, to-day there are still these sloppy and flabby hypocrites going about our country and telling us that racing men are on the high road to perdition. You see signs of them all over the place, in little paragraphs in the daily Press and in big sermons in the narrow-minded places of worship that are still so common in portions of the country. And the preachers and writers of the gloomiest gospel that ever infested the human mind—the gospel that would kill theatres, and racing, and cigarettes, and bottled Bass, and every single thing that adds a little to the comfort and happiness of a hard and weary world—never the slightest chance of flinging their miserable mon at us. Only the other day we had an example of this of thing, in connection with the deeply-regretted dea the famous sporting journalist, Mr. E. C. Mitchell. Mitchell, as you will know, was the famous "Captain C of the *Star*, the man who startled the racing world twenty years ago by instituting the system of "nap tions, and giving more winners than any racing jou had ever succeeded in giving. Well, when Mr. Mitc will got into the papers the other day it was found th had inserted a clause making the legacy left to h depend upon the latter promising not to gamble. was a chance for the kill-joys and the hypocrites haven't they been jumping at it! In almost every monious paper in England you will see some such remo this: "What a lesson the will of this racing jour preaches to us! The most famous tipster in England upon his son the injunction not to gamble. Let us to heart, dear brethren, or we shall go to hell on a course with implacable certainty!" That's the sor wretched claptrap I have just been reading in a intelligent newspaper. So I would like to inform the of that paper, and all who swallow his infernal nons exactly what "Captain Coe's" views on racing and be were. Mr. Mitchell had no objection either to racing betting, out of which he made a big income for long directly or indirectly. What he objected to, both for and his son, was gambling—a different thing altoge Everybody thinks gambling foolish, whether it is gam on a racecourse or on a stock exchange, or in the ord way of business, or at a church or chapel bazaar. Mitchell always said that he refrained from backing h simply and solely because, owing to the psychological ture of the human mind, there was a chance that a feelin favour of horses in which he should have a pecuniary might possibly prejudice the cool and collected judg which is above all things necessary to a racing critic he is studying the progress of a race for the benefit readers. He was an extremely conscientious worker paper, and as a result he is traduced in his death by jackasses who do not know a horse from a cow, and presume to interpret the mind and the will of the man loathed the very ground they tread upon. And so, Mitchell was, in his will, leaving the famous *nom de* of "Captain Coe" to his son, he made it a condition the son should honour and protect the name that the had made famous all over the world by refusing to de his better judgment of races and horses by investing his money upon them.

How different from all this is the attitude of a broad-min and splendid man-of-the-world parson like Bishop Welld the Dean of Manchester! A man who has the courage come out into the open and denounce the gambling robbery that is idealized in some of the men who sit front pews of our churches! A man who has the ness and the common sense and the pluck to say that he sees no harm in a man having a little bet if he afford to lose the money, and if he does not allow the to become a mania! And so say all of us, as the good music of "The favourite wins!" once more resounds English ears.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE

For stealing a tallow rush-light worth three-farthings from a Russian monastery, a youth of eighteen has been sentenced to four years' hard labour. The game certainly wasn't worth the candle.

* * *

A Tennysonian echo of Reece's feelings at the Hotel Cecil Hall last week—

Break! break! break!
While, perforce, I must stand by and see
But under my breath I mutter
The thoughts that arise in me.

* * *

The latest news from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is that Caruso is getting £600 per night. Six hundred pounds a night; well, that's nothing! Our knights in England pay a much larger sum than that for the privilege of a knighthood.

* * *

Miss Vera Maxwell, the beautiful American dancer, has just insured her toes for ten thousand dollars. Up to the present no popular comedian seems to have thought of insuring his sense of humour.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"I hear old Bill has been working all the week."
"Yes, ain't it terrible what some people will do for money."

* * *

"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."
"With what result?"
"A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost."

* * *

Brown: "So your wife is suing you for a divorce. Did she meet her affinity whilst she was away?"
Jones: "No, but she met mine when she returned!"

* * *

AT THE SULPHUR SPRING.

Visitor: "This water tastes just like bad eggs, doesn't it?"
Attendant: "Don't know; I'm not an actor."

* * *

Poet: "I see you accepted one of my poems and refused one other?"
Editor: "Yes, I took one out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public."

* * *

"You can't have genius without eccentricity."
"That may be so, but I have noticed that it is possible to have a good deal of eccentricity without any genius."

* * *

Mrs. Riche: "Ah! professor! And how is my daughter getting on with her music?"
Professor: "It is very hard to say."
Mrs. Riche: "But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?"
Professor: "Ach, madam! She haf a mouth."

A POINT OF AGREEMENT.

Father (to son, who is travelling for the firm): "Now, I hope you are careful of your conduct with the girls in these country hotels. In such places one can't be too particular."
Son: "Just what I always say, Dad. In such places one can't be too particular. You've got to take things as they come."
—"Sydney Bulletin."

THE MASCOT.

"Leave me at least my halfpenny with the hole in. It is my 'lucky penny.'"—"Le Rire."

"He's a popular poet."
"Why, I thought he hadn't written anything for years."
"He hasn't. That's why he's popular."

* * *

WHY SHE DIDN'T.

"I find the professor's statistics stupid."
"I don't. He told me there were four hundred billion people in the world, and that I was the prettiest girl in the lot."—*Raleigh News.*

* * *

GOSSIP.

Lou: I saw Ethel yesterday, and we had the loveliest confidential chat together.
Lucy: I thought so; she wouldn't talk to me to-day.—*Judge.*

* * *

Bank Teller: "This check is all right, but you must be introduced! Can't you bring in your husband?"
Woman: "Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me, he'd knock your block off!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

"It is hard to take the measure of great financiers." "Oh, I don't know! With some of them it is done by the Bertillon system."—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

DISAPPOINTED.

"I saw you and your husband at the play last night, Mrs. Wedgecomb. How did you like it?
"I'm sorry we wasted our money on it. Several people told me I would be shocked, but I wasn't."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

* * *

"My son, it is a great deal harder to spend money with good judgment than it is to make it."
"Well, father, let me take half the burden off your hands. You make it, and I'll spend it."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

SHE KNEW.

It was young Mrs. Robinson's first dinner party, and she was suffering from all the usual terrors of the inexperienced hostess.

However, the cook rose to the occasion splendidly, and, so far as the dinner itself was concerned, Mrs. Robinson was delighted.

The only fly in the ointment was Jane. Jane was the new parlour maid; she was slow, clumsy, and her waiting was bad. But, in addition to these faults, she insisted on keeping her mouth wide open.

This so got on Mrs. Robinson's nerves that at last she exclaimed:

"Jane, your mouth is wide open!"

Jane withdrew her gaze from the ceiling, and said, looking down with a cheery smile:

"I know it is, ma'am; I opened it meself!"—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner.*

* * *

GLAD HE WAS DEAD.

Conceited Actor: "And in the final scene where I die, the audience rose as one man, and cheered!"
Candid Friend: "Damn bad form, but you couldn't blame them!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

If Prince Albert's latest nickname is "the Lobster," and if it is due to the tint of his complexion, now burned to a healthy red by the combined efforts of wind and sea?

* * *

If the Marchioness of Ripon is interesting herself in a big scheme for the production of grand opera upon entirely original lines, and if Mr. Neil Forsyth, of Covent Garden fame, also has a hand in it?

* * *

The name of the fashionable Society woman who confided—rather audibly—to a friend at the Carlton that she possessed 175 "chemises de nuit" and 120 of another sort of garment?

* *

The identity of the Parisian lady who advertises "French conversations over the telephone," and who pays for the calls?

* *

A man isn't always square because he has a habit of continually getting cornered.

* *

Why did the daily paper declared that "Mrs. Lloyd George has a great admiration for the Chancellor of the Exchequer?" Is it such a *very* extraordinary thing for a lady to admire her own husband?

*

When "Teddy Payne" is coming back to town?

* *

If a wax effigy of Sir Edward Carson is to be placed on exhibition at Mme. Tussauds'?

* *

If the young man who has just turned up in New York with a highly fantastic story of his rescue from the "Titanic," will end in a lunatic asylum if he is not very careful?

* *

The name of the well-known racehorse owner who met the barrister's wife at breakfast at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, and why he exclaimed "Oh damn!" when they accidentally discovered that they had passed the night in adjoining rooms?

* *

If the Countess Russell appreciated the long typewritten letter sent to her by Mr. Bernard Shaw on the occasion of the production of her play, "The Matchmakers"?

* * *

The name of the dear old lady who was heard to remark at a certain well-known hotel that she "detested having so many *feetmen* about her at mealtimes"?

* * *

If negotiations are on foot to establish a new Liberal newspaper, and the name of the peeress who is to finance the same?

* * *

If Sir Joseph Lyons is about to launch forth into yet another large business enterprise—this time in the Marylebone Road?

* * *

How the Committee of a certain West End club had the courage to request the resignation of the very influential personage? What was the real reason for so drastic a procedure, and isn't it likely to lead to the resignation of at least two other important members?

WINTER'S TAILS.

If Canada has just appointed its first female judge, and if future culprits may expect long sentences?

* *

Who was the ultra-smart American woman who put tea-spoonfuls of salt into her chocolate in mistake for sugar, when taking tea with Count Valarco at the Ritz the other afternoon; and wasn't she very sick after it?

* * *

In an article on hockey a contributor to *Bailey's Magazine* writes: "It is a record that two twin brothers should win fame as halves, and that the younger of the two should also play centre-back." It must be very bewildering to be a twin.

*

Has the young "nut" who wrote to Mme. Camille Clifford's husband, the Parisian clairvoyant, asking her to tell him what horse was going to win the Lincoln, the Derby, Ascot and the Gold Cup, received a satisfactory answer?

*

If the young peer who was informed by the Christie expert that his supposed collection of water-colour paintings were merely "lithographs" was surprised when the same little dealer at Tottenham Court Road promptly offered him £2,000 for the pair, and if he has since decided to sell?

*

What our esteemed contemporary means by stating that "Mr. Lloyd George is receiving a great variety of presents, including pieces of rope"?

*

The name of the Old Etonian who has written to his Lordship announcing his intention of becoming a portrait plate artist, and if the latter has promptly docked the latter's pocket money with a view to "bringing the latter to his senses"?

*

The name of the charitable institution to which a certain Duke is credited with giving all his Turf winnings, and what happens when he loses?

*

The exact amount that Mr. Hamel has made out of passenger flights during the past year, and if he has accumulated an exceptional "balance" by now?

*

If the little lady in the rather shabby hat, who sent her card to W. H. Berry the other evening, was formerly a member of the very third-rate seaside concert party which he was earning a very precarious living when Mr. Edwardes first "spotted" him, and what was the nature of the rather hurried conversation which took place on the passage?

* * *

Who were the two Englishwomen who met suddenly face to face in a Paris night restaurant, each accompanied by the other's son, and what was the nature of the scene which took place the next morning in the lounge of the Hotel Bristol?

* * *

If George Robey really walks in his sleep?

* * *

If the Government is hoping that the Plumage Bill will prove a feather in its cap?

...ue of the well-known London tailor who has been ...cted by the Greek Government to design the new ...iforms for its army officers?

* * *

Who is the Duchess who has just purchased five hundred ...sk and three hundred beaver skins, and what does she ...ntend to do with them?

* * *

If the £250 which has been awarded to a window-cleaner ...r a damaged knee is what one might call a leg up?

* * *

If the Crown Prince of Prussia has been busy stage-...anaging some private theatricals at his palace at Berlin?

* * *

... Mr. Selfridge's own request that the letter ... with a cheque for £105 to Prince Alexander ... Middlesex Hospital, was reproduced in ...pular journals throughout the country?

* * *

... Warr is about to follow up her order for ...on conjugal rights by a suit for divorce, and if ... Warr will then make a third excursion into the ... of matrimony?

* * *

... Parisian shoes, with heels five inches high, ...ery height of absurdity?

* * *

... Coutts is quite the right sort of person to make ...e of things?

* * *

That Mr. Alfred Butt's "Passing Show" won't ...nery.

* * *

... has started a "night censor" for people ... the streets between 2 and 4 a.m.

* * *

... name of the Army airman who was drunk ... of a biplane the other day. What had the ... the matter afterwards?

* *

... Unionist M.P. riding for a fall, and ... realize that the information given him by the ...ssed with the feelings of a disappointed man?

* * *

... the authorities planning to raid the large store ... the possession of the Wimbledon barrister who ... supporter of Ulster?

* * *

... Has the reduction in the price of the *Times* ... circulation of the *Daily Mail*, and is not the ... very Gilbertian?

* * *

... the nature of the *very* private enquiry held at ... of the famous Guards' regiment?

* * *

... taking greatly on the increase—not only among ... and who are the Harley Street physicians who ...rmed themselves into a sort of informal band for ... purpose of stamping out the practice?

* * *

Which is the public school which is in such great financial ...difficulties at present?

* * *

Who is the lady residing in the vicinity of the little hunt-...ing town in Bedfordshire who affects black silk "frillies" ...and bathes in a black marble bath?

* * *

... there not a very interesting society divorce case loom-...ing up in the distance? And is it entirely unconnected with ... Captain in the mercantile service and a member of the ...Royal Cavalry?

* * *

... high house at one of our big public schools is known ... "Gilbert Lodge"?

* * *

... not the Holborn Restaurant be doing a favour to ...patrons if they put a thicker partition between their ...home boxes?

* * *

Who is the lord who has the misfortune unconsciously ... his thoughts aloud on occasion? Didn't his ...t and abrupt ejaculation to his lady companion ...nothing of a sensation among the guests? And ... reference to "that vulgar woman again," as a ...fair, fat, and forty chatterbox approached him, ...ed?

Why does a well-known music-hall comedian always carry a loaded revolver about with him? Is there much chance of his running up against the man for whom he has been seeking for the past eight years? And if so, will he carry out the threat that he has confided to his intimate friends of shooting him on sight? Isn't it strange that a man of apparently so genial a nature, and so pleasantly humorous when before the footlights, should nurse so intense a hatred for such a long time?

* * *

What understanding exists between the Countess and the jockey; and if it is only a platonic friendship why do they only meet at the house of a mutual friend? How many thousands of pounds did she add to her banking account last year through the medium of his "tips"? Will she be so successful this year now that the flat season has begun, or will the intrusion of the actress into the jockey's affections rather complicate matters?

* * *

Who informed against the Hampstead morphia club? Wasn't it a "near thing" for the young lady from Kilburn a month ago? Has she recovered from the effects of her first and probably her last experience of drug-taking? Will the doctor succeed in forcing the "Princess" to leave London, or will she, as is rumoured, transplant her foul temptations to West Kensington?

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* are giving away a puppy. There certainly *does* seem to be a glut in the market.

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE FAIR SEX.
(As suggested by modern feminine encroachments.)
No. 7.—THE 'BUS CONDUCTRESS.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Blue literature:—Last week's boat-race stories.

* * *

A double rôle: That in which many of the signa-*tories* to the Ulster petition appeared.

* * *

"Life saved by inches in a street collision!" Neglect in observing the footrule of the road.

* * *

"Upside-down airwomen." Where are the Bishops? The phrase is appropriately printed between inverted commas.

* * *

Seven public art galleries have now been shut up by the authorities, who seem impotent to do the same to Mrs. Pankhurst and her Yahoos.

* * *

"Mr. Balfour arrived at Dover this afternoon in a blizzard"—*Evening News*. No doubt he is prepared for a whirlwind election.

* * *

"Summer is coming, and with it we shall see the house fly." And yet some people are still foolish enough to add wings to their castles and mansions and things.

* * *

A dock foreman arraigned at West Ham for threatening his wife was "bound over." He wished for a separation, and will probably get it if he breaks the bounds.

* * *

The Countess of Warwick has discoursed about "The Arms we must show." M'yes! Stick to your arms, dear ladies, but do not make a clean breast of all your toilet secrets.

* * *

In the Hastings fisherfolk's vocabulary a thick soaking mist moving over the sea is called an "egger-jagger." We want one of those when our maid serves us up hard-boiled half-cacklers.

* * *

A Canadian chicken-rancher with £500 a year wants a wife. Hundreds of girls have applied for the post, with accompanying photo. Those with a *chic* style should be in the running.

* * *

It seems to us, says the *Athenæum*, that the comparatively fictitious value of the Rokeby "Venus" led to its being singled out for attack by a Suffragette. Well, women always know a bargain.

* * *

A provincial daily says that the custom of paying a penny to read the *Times* existed until quite recently in Lancashire. We compliment the Lancashire folk on being the first people to discover its real value.

* * *

Findon's Weekly Journal: "—— writes with the freedom of a man who really knows the *actress*, and can thus deal with *his* virtues and failings in an intimate way." We suppose you can do these things with a he-actress.

* * *

Mr. A. Stanley, M.P., Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, suggests that alcohol should be used for high-speed internal combustion purposes. Experiments with the new fuel are now being carried out on a large scale by chauffeurs.

* * *

Last week the *Times* opened a correspondence on the sixth sense, the ball being set rolling by the story of a woman who "sensed" the presence of spiders in her room. But that's nothing. We are told that in Kentucky the darkies can feel the presence of chickens within a twelve-mile radius.

* * *

Mr. Charles J. Vopica, the new American Minister to the Balkan States, apparently understands his business as much as an elephant does geometry. He is a wealthy retired brewer, about whom there is a sort of double-barrelled bluntness—an ale-fellow-well-met manner that is like to be a bar against his advancement.

* * *

A man was charged with begging at Willesden, and a constable stated that when the prisoner was arrested he was wrapped in copies of the *War Cry* to keep himself warm. For ourselves, in like condition, we should have plumped for the "Pink 'Un," but the beggar evidently knows what is warmest in journalism. Perhaps the frequent reference to "hell-fire" influenced his choice.

A "motion" raised in the House sometimes emotions.

* * *

A chemist says he can reduce boot-leg to S'nothing. Our landlady has had ten years at

* * *

Rokeby Venus's welcome to the patrons of the Gallery on re-opening day: "Glad to see you back

* * *

An advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle* now Begins with the Corset" Yes, and ends there in these days.

* * *

We read of a new game of cards at Texas. One player holds the cards and another holds a revolver coroner holds the inquest.

* * *

Ex-President Taft says that a man is at the height of powers at sixty years of age. Now we can hardly at the age of Mr. Taft.

* * *

Is Sir Thomas Lipton building his hopes upon a rock? If he believes in omens he will note that "Trifolium" was wrecked last week.

* * *

The *Performer*: "Mr. Thomas is in Paris *sooking* for acts." We don't think he will get his way, though he may perhaps find a few stars.

* * *

A correspondent asks "What is a bat?" We believe that a bat is that part of a brick which encourages neighbour's cat to vacate the bed of peas you planted.

* * *

The *Evening News*, reporting Mr. Bonar Law on the Ulster situation, makes him say: "In such a danger . . ." Clubs was what he was to probably.

* * *

The *Star*, recording a sad occurrence at the Peace Bureau at Berne, heads the article "Peace Tragedy." Rather puzzling, but, after all, sometimes synonymous with "peace."

* * *

Mr. Colefax, K.C., speaking before the Lords Committee, was rebuked by Lord Halsbury. that he only wanted to be "fair and also Another man dissatisfied with nature's handiwork

* * *

A solicitor at Greenwich said in court, "One is slaughtered, and the other one is dead." on the subject is that the slaughtered horse recovering, although little hope is held out for

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Leiter has just sent a £7 cable from to her mother in Washington asking her to send goods to the value of £1. Which reminds us lady who heard that candles could be bought at twenty miles distant at a halfpenny a pound at her native village, and who travelled there bought a pound, lost one of her candles on the and used up the remainder in looking for it.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of drawings which have appeared in this journal, we necessary to state that—with the exception of may appear on our page of contemporary humour, which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations *Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do own peril. The originals of sketches which in these pages are for sale. Prices on application Editor.

The Editor will be pleased to consider Short Stories should be humorous or topical in tone, from 700 words in length. Stamped addressed envelope should be in case of rejection.

Prospective Purchaser: "Very nice indeed; but what is it? Figure or landscape?

Post-prandial Impressionist: "I have not named it yet. I shall call it whichever you prefer."

IN STAGELAND.

Two striking incidents are about to materialize. Miss Gertie Millar is to make her variety debut at the Coliseum, and Mr. Geo. Grossmith (in person) is to be in the cast of the next revue at the Alhambra. "Keep Smiling," however, is still keeping its large audiences so happy that it will be difficult to shelve it for at least another month. How on earth Mr. Geo. Edwardes comes to release two such valuable artistes defeats one's comprehension, and personally I am so keen a believer in the fact of the happiest theatrical combination being attained by the cultivation of an actor's personality almost solely within the environment

Mdlle. Schreiber upon "de horse presented to me by de Earl of Longsdale.
(An Ante-Post Impression.)

of the theatre that has seen that personality's greatest successes that I cannot wax enthusiastic over these impending changes, successful though they will inevitably be. One is justified in expecting to find George Grossmith, Teddy Payne and Miss Millar all at the Gaiety at the same time playing to crowded houses. Nowadays you can get neither, and it is the Gaiety that suffers. Noticed that?

* * *

Has anybody told our dear old friend, *The Weekly Dispatch*, how badly he has had his leg pulled in the matter of that little legacy of £40,000 which was alleged to have fallen to Frank Carter, of the Hippodrome's "Hullo! Tango"? If not, may I inform our contemporary that Mr. Carter is only the richer by the reputation he has made in this revue and its cash value? I happened to be fully aware of the facts at the moment when the debonair Frank was entertaining sundry Press gentry to a little fairy yarn about some aunts or goduncles or something who had considerately expired in time to get young Carter quite a nice lot of publicity, even if he touched nothing more solid. By the way Morris Harvey was to have been the first recipient of the phantom legacy, but when he was first acquainted with his good luck he kicked up such a dust that Mr. Carter obliged. And that's the real tale of the hidden treasure!

Jay Laurier. The Farmer's Boy. (Palladium).

* *

I am so sorry, but apropos of Miss Kellogg's return to the "Hullo Tango" caste, I must let down another promising literary gent with mild theatrical interests. The *Daily Sketch* had discovered that Miss Kellogg —who it will be remembered is Mrs. de Courville—had retired for a short holiday to Nice in view of an event of happy domestic significance to Mr. and Mrs. de Courville's household. All that happened about it was that an enterprising young lady with a [illegible] Press, who was booked for a nice fat rôle in "Hullo, Tango," who, alas! was also suspected of inspiring the paragraph who published the news, was informed that other arrangements had been made, and that "Hullo, Tango" must struggle on without her. Miss Kellogg, by the way, is looking very bonny and refreshed by her short trip to Nice, and seems to have brought new life to the show. Now, why the Press is gulled so easily these days? As a matter of fact these columns haven't an error to acknowledge, but if we had it would surely be something less crude and more subtle than the funny little inexactitudes that do for "news" so readily elsewhere, and have to be contradicted or apologised for in the next issue.

* * *

I have a curious little bit of exclusive news. Mr. Tree produces Sardou's "Patrie" somewhere about October, it is expected, and Mr. Max Pemberton is just concerned with its adaptation from the French. Every novelist, revue writer, and adapter from the French only needs to lease a theatre or so, burst into management, run a general store, and Louis Meyer will have won his laurels.

* * *

Ned Wayburn is back, and is producing a revue at Oxford. I wonder if those girls of "Hullo, Tango"

The effect of "Splash Me" on our Artist.

received such nice personal letters will go to the [illegible]. I wonder if the Syndicate Halls are paying him [illegible] I wonder all sorts of things!—most of all do [illegible] some people will *never* learn, and why we [illegible] we want instead of being forced to refuse [illegible] have. In any event I'll take any old odds from [illegible] against the first two queries. Even now, mark you, I do not forecast dire failure for the Oxford's new particularly if the music is good, and an [illegible] producer (Sidney Ellison, for instance) has a [illegible] ponderant say in the matter to prevent any [illegible] to bring our tastes to approved Yankee standard.

* * *

Karina, the superb ballerina, may be coming to the Coliseum for a while before the year is out. I hope the little lady will bring her husband with her again. He is a charming man, and their own private little [illegible] intensely interesting. Three years ago, in [illegible] Karina, who was then just eighteen, barged a motor [illegible] road with her car, injuring both his legs. Why [illegible] hospital resulted, and the rest was easy. I suppose [illegible] people insist that Karina is Russian? Why [illegible] "Russian Dancer" slips off the tongue [illegible] Anyhow she is just about as Russian as [illegible] both Danish. Her husband was a Danish [illegible] and the couple are fortunate in the possession of Alexandra's personal interest.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

waiter's eye went the piece of bacon!
aer, what would *you* do if you had been sitting
ing a modest breakfast in the bay window of the
on Repos at Clackville-on-Sea, when a mild and
oking man at the next table suddenly seizes the
laid by a respectful waiter before him, and floors the
attendant by a streaky stroke?
what I did was this. Firstly, I choked badly
in of coffee I happened to be drinking. Recover-
I turned towards the man of wrath with the
tulating, but found he had fled from the

served him sitting behind a palm tree in the
e entrance to the hotel. Doubts as to his
ast his sobriety, suggested a cautious detour
ggs or other missiles secreted upon his person.
t, detract from my dignity to emerge looking
assuming the eggs were good—omelet.
near him I heard a groan. Now I may be of
isposition, but to act the Good Samaritan has
my forte. There have been occasions, painful to
re my well-meant intervention was not welcome.
ve dubbed me an interfering ass. Once or twice
en been basely assaulted. Nothing, however, can
feeling of benevolence towards my fellow man.
id I to the fluffy man, "no mere impertinent
ards me to address you. But from your animated
disapproval at the breakfast-table, and your
tal distress. I feared there was something uneasy
e. I mean to say your mind. If the advice of
veteran is of service to you, do not hesitate to
me."

savour of exaggeration to say that my kindly
received with enthusiasm.
to the ——," and there my fluffy friend stopped.
passing through a period of distortion that would
be described as bristling, the unhappy man continued:
down. It would be some relief just to ventilate
if only to a fellow like you."
would have checked his confidence. So I

id he, relapsing into a state of dreary
the second anniversary of my wedding day.
here he waved his hand around—"is where
honeymoon."
through it. Evidently an early widower, and
bacon had possibly touched a tender chord.
t feels for you, my dear sir," replied I. "Your
was doubtless partial to ham." To fill in suit-
ase in the conversation, I murmured "'Tis better
ed and lost than never to have loved at all."
be a blithering ass," he retorted, fiercely. "My
a kicking well, alive at all events: and
." He thumped the table as he spoke. "And
too."
Quite so, my dear sir." I answered, deprecat-
ive one too much pork in this country. A
turning up morning after morning. Turns
time. An Englishman's home is his castle.
who applies to hotels—home from home, dont-
you resentment on your part. Healthy
feeling. Does you credit, I'm sure."
your tongue for two minutes together,"
, as I paused, "you shall hear my story.
you once more, then I shut up. No, don't
your head. Thank you."
the tale he told.
ness to being of a somewhat irritable tempera-
During my courting days it was my custom to spend
s at the house of my future father-in-law. He
ing man, but pompous. One evening we
ridge," and he was particularly slow in play-
came. At last I could stand it no longer,
my spleen by telling him to buck up
ng for the last trump.
an took it badly. Very. My remark, said he,
rous, irreverent, and disrespectful. He used a
-syllabled epithets of a disparaging kind, but
And he wound up by observing that a man
control his tongue was no mate for his sweet-
ghter. To cut a long story short he insisted
some positive proof that I could curb my
e end we compromised. It was agreed that I should give him a bond under which I forfeited £500 unless his daughter and I, at the end of our first married year, won the flitch of bacon at Dunmow, and invited the whole family to dine off it."

Here he paused so long that I really could not help bursting out: "And you didn't win it?"

"Wrong again, you garrulous blockhead," he shouted back. "We did win it. It was the dinner that fell through. Just listen. During the whole of the awful twelve months we never quarrelled—or said a nasty word. It was our habit to address each other as 'ducky' or 'darling.' If anything went wrong we chuckled and said 'What a joke.' Man!" and he gripped my arm with a clutch of steel, "may you never know what it is to have hashed mutton for dinner three times running, and yet be unable to tell your wife what you think of her house-keeping! How I suffered when my shirts got lost in the wash no mortal will ever know! I believe I should have gone mad at the end of the first six months, but for the happy idea of fixing up a punching-ball in the garage. When things were too much for me I punched at that! I nearly killed the chauffeur with a glancing blow. From the fact that she smashed her sewing machine several times a month I suspected that my poor wife had also found some outlet for her nerves.

"At last the year came to an end. For the first time our smiles became almost natural. We applied for the flitch, and the day arrived when we were to go down to Dunmow and take our trial. For one moment our chances stood in dreadful jeopardy. There are two Dunmows—Great and Little—and my wife had directed the cab-driver to the wrong place. We were late as it was, and the tension was frightful. Even with the goal in sight I could bear it no longer and had opened my mouth when my wife, in the nick of time said 'Ha! ha! ha!' Instinct more than reason made me shout 'Ha! ha! ha!' For about half an hour we alternately volleyed 'Ha! ha! ha!'—it's wonderful what expression you can get into a simple phrase like that—until the danger was past.

"We successfully went through the ordeal of the trial, and were duly awarded the coveted—and well-earned—flitch!"

Here he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"You two had only got to get it home and the trick was done," said I.

"Only got to get it home!" groaned he. "To get it home! We two who had grinned at each other like Cheshire cats for a solid year! Why, man, we quarrelled—under our breath for the sake of public decency—on every conceivable thing the moment we got into the cab to drive to the station. According to the other each had made a signal ass of himself or herself, at the trial. The only thing we agreed upon was that our married life had been an empty sham.

"A smiling guard led us to a first-class carriage, while a smirking porter carefully put in after us that blasted flitch.

"What started the row in the train I don't remember perhaps it required no start, but was a continuation of the angry words in the cab. Anyhow, I said the beastly bacon, which was under the seat, stank. My wife retorted that I need not be coarse, and that at all events it was worth £500 to me. I replied that for two pins I'd chuck the damned pork out of the carriage window. She, of course, said she'd like to see me do it. And so ups I with the flitch—we were crossing a stream—and with a swing it was through the window and was lost in the waters below."

"And with it your £500," I interjected.

"Not only that, but my wife as well." He hid his face in his hands.

"What! She went through the window too?"

"But—but—but—but for the be-be-be-bar I believe she would," sobbed he. "No, we par-parted at Liverpool Street. I have not seen her since!"

* * *

A year later I was at the Hotel Bon Repos again. My attention was drawn to a couple who were making love and goo-goo eyes across the breakfast table.

"Wifey dearest, just a teeny bit more?" was about the sanest remark that reached my ears. Suddenly my memory went back a twelve-month. The speaker was my fluffy confidant!

Curiosity compelled me to observe their fare. They were eating bacon from a lordly dish.

CECIL HASTINGS.

IN A TAXI AT DAWN.

Fluffy was tired, and Fluffy ached all over; she had danced as many dances as she possibly could, and knew that there was a hole in the toe of her stocking as a result of her energies. She slipped on her cloak, and put on a little cap sewn with pearls.

Outside in the vestibule Holton waited.

Outside in the street a taxi waited.

In the taxi Holton spoke.

"I don't know how you manage to exist in the suburbs, Fluff."

"Force of habit," she said wearily. "And the transparent fact that if you put one pound in the bank, you don't get two out. Money is a shrinking sort of a thing. Tibbie and I have to scrape a good deal to be clothed, I can tell you."

Holton sighed.

"And I have more money than I know what to do with," he said musingly.

Fluffy copied his sigh.

"The pampered rich! And Tibbie and I are contemplating the hideous economy of rubber heels. If heels kept up, I shouldn't care, but they don't. They go down at one side, and there you are."

"You are pretty."

"I know," she agreed. "The flabbiest flapper knut at the skating rinks says that. It only makes it worse. The prettier one is the horrider the shops make one feel. Men never covet a hat they know they'd look divine in. They are saved that."

"There are those queer ones with a bunch of feathers at the back," he murmured. "One could cut a dash in those, you know. I think I'll have one. I say, Fluffy. . . ."

She drew her glove up:

"Well, what do you say?"

His arm went suddenly round her waist.

"You know, little Fluffy, I could buy you and your sister . . ."

"I dare say," she said flippantly. "And still have enough left for dog-biscuits."

"Fluffy,"

"Hm?"

"Listen, kid. . . I'm not a mean sort of a chap: would you trust me. . . . ?"

Fluffy stared at the grey Thames they crossed via Westminster Bridge: it was almost a beautiful scene in the grey light.

"No," she said quickly: "I wouldn't trust any man—you are all wolves in Siberia, seeking whom you may devour. I haven't seen the dawn for years."

Holton frowned:

"The dawn is all right, but . . do you mean what you say?"

"Rather," Fluffy said quickly. "Listen. I've met heaps of men, and flirted with them too. I know your type. I tell you flat, that of all the men I've run up against, the only one who offered to marry me was a bank clerk with two-ten a week. You are rich, and I hope it keeps fine for you, but please don't talk about my trusting you. It makes me giggle."

"How old are you?" he said abruptly.

"As old as my hair and a little older than my teeth," she said pertly. "And if you think I haven't got enough to pay for this taxi you are wrong. I've plenty of money for . . ."

"Of course I shall pay for the taxi," he said.

She shrugged her shoulder:

"I thought perhaps, as it hadn't come off, you might care to get out?"

"What hasn't come off?" he queried.

She giggled:

"I wish I wasn't so tired. I mean I thought perhaps as I wasn't as trusting as you'd like, you might care to try your luck. . . ."

Fluffy looked at him sideways.

"Tibbie and I have great fun in bed," she said, "telling each other about the funny things men say to us. A man promised me half-a-dozen pairs of silk stockings last week, I'd show him my ankles."

"You didn't," Holton jerked out.

"No," Fluffy murmured. "But I was sorry afterwards. I'm rather fond of silk stockings."

"I'll send you a dozen pairs."

"No, thank you." Fluffy's tone was decisive. "I never accept favours from any man."

"A dozen pairs," he repeated. "And them on for you, too."

Fluffy's face turned scarlet.

Holton laughed:

"Yes, when you are my wife," he continued, "when I said 'trust me,' I meant, trust me enough me."

She suddenly leaned against him and hid face.

"You shouldn't put it like that, then," she "A man always asks a girl if she can 'trust hopes she will, and knows she oughtn't."

"But you will, won't you?" he asked ten fire?"

"I s'pose so," she said saucily. "And you the stockings to-morrow."

A bottle-nosed whale, eight feet long, week in the fishing-nets of boats in Swans him right. That'll teach him not to che future, and will show him the foolhardines get anything out of Welshmen.

* * *

The *Evening News* gives us a queer American doctor who tried to hybridise a jelly fish so as to produce a boneless fish table. "Unfortunately," this journal goes on, succeeded in producing only jolly fish, wi columns." Enough to make any fish jolly—to new backbone.

* * *

A medical paper replies this week to a corr "If you are a subscriber you must know that y to write only on one side of the paper. You only ignored this rule, but have written across as well. Take twenty-five grains bromide of half an ounce of infusion of gentian." This vindictiveness on the part of the editor, and we think that the punishment is much too severe for

ROYAL VICTORIA H
Waterloo Road, S.E.

THE
People's Theatr
(Under the direction of Miss Rosina
COMMENCING
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL
On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and
FOR FOUR WEEKS

The first programme will be as follo
"THE MERCHANT OF VENIC
"ROMEO AND JULIET."
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDA
AND,
"CANDIDA."

General Manager . . Gille

ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

at Inverleith again gives us the triple
Rugby football. What a dramatic
with Scotland scoring first, Eng-
before half-time. Scotland again taking
England getting nine points in front,
back to only one to the good before
the last whistle sounded.

THE ACCIDENT TO PILLMAN.

Everybody sympathises with C. H. Pillman, who in the hour of triumph, in his seventeenth international, fell awkwardly and fractured his leg above the ankle. Pillman has for years now been about the biggest asset in English football, excellently as R. W. Poulton, F. E. Oakley, W. J. A. Davies, and others have performed, and we all wish him increased strength in the damaged limb.

THE CUP SEMI-FINALS.

The semi-finals to be played today, at Tottenham and Manchester promise excellent sport, but I fancy we shall see Aston Villa and Burnley in the final. The Villa are, as a matter of fact, a better team now than they were last year when they won the cup. They have only made one change in the personnel of the side, Edgley coming into the forward
campaign.
have solved the forward difficulty.
in Bache's place, Bache has moved
re, and Stephenson has moved across
position. The officials were ex-
for a long time without effect.
Edgley, a junior from Crewe, has solved

Leach, the three half-backs, are, as

country.
produced in recent years. He
Emerald Isle securing the soccer

BURNLEY'S FORM.

Burnley are not so brilliant as the Villa, but I fancy they will whack Sheffield United, although the popular match for the Palace stage now would be Villa v. United, for the sides are two of the most popular in the League with Londoners. In Taylor, Burnley have a tremendously fast back; Dicky Boyle at centre half is the old Barnsley captain who led the Colliers the year they won the cup. Mosscrop played for England at outside left, and Freeman is a centre-forward of the most dangerous type. Apparently lethargic, he wakes up at odd moments, and then something happens.

Sheffield United are a dour, hard side to beat in a cup-tie. They, too, have an ex-Barnsley captain, Utley to wit, another half-back, as leader. Fazackerly is about their best forward, and English, the left-back, is spoken of as a possible player against Scotland as partner to Bob Crompton. On all the season's league form Burnley ought to win, but in the cup Sheffield United have an awe-inspiring record. They won at Newcastle by 5 to 2 in the first round; at Sheffield they beat Bradford by 3 to 1, and at New Cross they defeated Millwall by 4 to nil, but it took three meetings before they scored against Manchester City, and so claimed the right to enter the semi-final.

THE PROWESS OF C. McGAHEY.

Charles McGahey, "Charlie Mac," is giving up his position as assistant secretary to the Essex County Cricket Club after 21 years' service. How we do get on! Something like thirty years ago I can remember playing against Charlie at soccer, when he was about the best man in the old City Ramblers' team.

Charlie, originally a slogger, developed into one of the most extraordinarily careful and painstaking of batsmen, when he joined the county. There is something about Leyton that makes for stodgy cricket. Percy Perrin, one of the most brilliant of hitters when he likes, J. W. H. T. Douglas, and others have all developed the steady game. And Kent will tell you bright cricket pays.

"Charlie Mac" and Percy Perrin were playing for the old Tottenham club against Edmonton once, and in a short afternoon match were set to get about 190 in an hour and a half. They went in first and did it easily. I believe McGahey hit four sixes and a four in one over of Herbert Gray's, but it is a long time ago, and I have forgotten the details. Those who want to help along the testimonial fund can send their subscriptions along to Mr. Higgins at the County Ground.

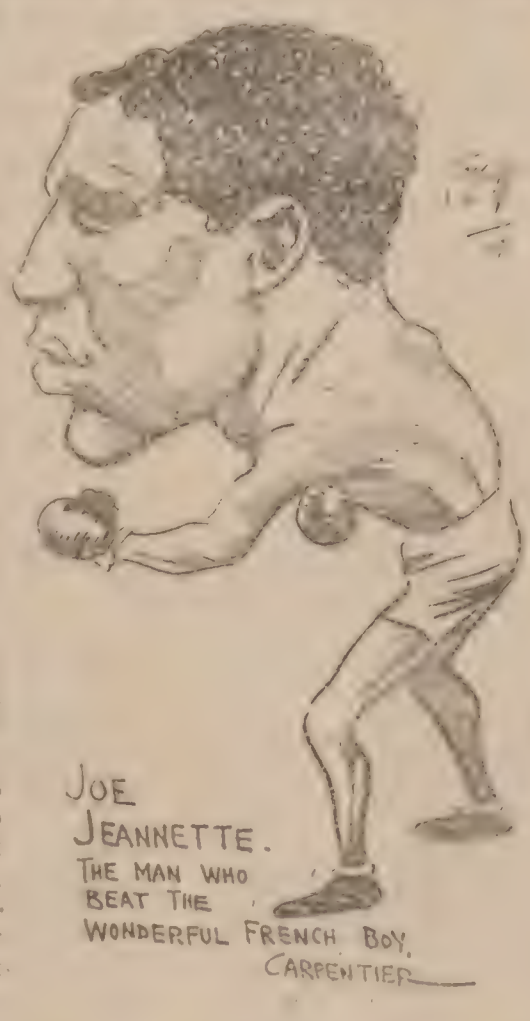
GREAT PLAYERS' BREAK DOWN.

Most people, cricketers and footballers particularly, will be sorry to hear of the serious break-down in health of two great players at the summer and winter games. I refer to A. E. Stoddart, the secretary at Queen's Club, and a famous cricket and rugger international, and R. E. (Tip) Foster, international cricketer and soccer player. It is curious how many men who have played for many years in county cricket break down in what should be the prime of their lives. Is it the strenuous work under a blazing sun that saps their vitality? It would not be kind to do it, but one could string off a whole list of once famous cricketers who suffer from indifferent health. They have not all got the constitutions of a W. G. Grace. We can all unite, at any rate, in wishing these two famous sportsmen and athletes a speedy recovery.

THE BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP.

As I said would be the case in last week's notes Reece's advantage over Inman in the final of the billiards championship has been short lived. The champion made a record break for the competition last Saturday of 744, and that finished it. He has played much more confidently all this week, and Reece has fallen away. The strain of playing for a month on end in the same room has doubtless told on Reece a bit too. Temperament has probably told more. Inman is just the one man that Reece cannot do his best against, and both know it.

When Inman and Reece were touring Australia together an incident characteristic of both players took place. It happened at the conclusion of a game played on level terms. Reece had been waiting years for his initial victory over Inman on level terms, and in this match proved successful. Of course, Reece felt proud of the feat, and Inman was the first to congratulate him, adding "this is the first time you have beaten me level, Tom." Not a bit taken back Reece answered, "Yes, it has been a long struggle, but now I've succeeded you will have to wait a ruddy long time before you again beat me." The trend of events in the present game hardly bears out the Oldham man's statement, but then Inman in his ordinary form is —well, just Inman, and Reece, the man who strongly resembles Bombardier Wells in the matter of nerves, although a greatly improved player is not quite of the same class.



THE BOAT RACE.

Cambridge are favourites for to-day's boat race, but the vast improvement made by the dark blues during the last week of the training at Putney, has made the result more open than it appeared likely to be a month or so ago. Cambridge are one of the heaviest crews of recent years, and with four men over 13st. their aggregate weight is no less than 11ost. All these heavy men are freshmen, and the giant of the party is K. G. Garnett, who turns the scale at just under 14st. Both crews include a colonial, and curiously enough both row at No. 3. H. K. Ward, who was in the winning Oxford eight last year, comes from New South Wales, and P. C. Livingston, the Cambridge freshman, did his early schooling at Vancouver.

BOXING.

We are getting some wonderful boxing nowadays, and the money from the game seems limitless. Last Monday the bout between Alf Wye and Sid Smith, at The Ring, was a particularly bright set-to. Both boys had won a contest, Smith at the National, and Wye at The Ring, and they had their money down for the contest under notice, which was naturally a needle one all through.

Wye won by virtue of a straight left into which Smith ran at nearly every lead. It kept going out piston-rod like, and Smith in the end got wild and short with his leads. Behind in points, however, he put in some wonderfully fast work in an endeavour to force the fighting in the closing rounds, but he could never bustle Wye for long, and the points verdict was well won. Wye has profited a lot by the tuition of Ted Broadribb (Young Snowball) the only Englishman who has beaten Carpentier.

Broadribb and a pretty girl in the balcony were the two keenest onlookers at the fight. I found myself looking up at the lady time and again. She knew the game thoroughly. Whenever Smith landed one of his swings she gave Wye a pretty cur and cut his eye she winced. W Wye who got home heavily she literally danced and waved her programme excitedly. too was a study. If he puts as much new job, that of manager to Mr. Brickwell, the old Canterbury Music Hall for a boxing make it hum. Broadribb is one of the smartest ing, and most intelligent of the ex-boxers, getting more dough in his newest enterprise game pays.

DID CARPENTIER LOSE?

Mr. Peggy Bettinson, Hurdman Lucas, Johnn others of the crowd of Englishmen who went Carpentier—Joe Jeannette slam at Luna Pa day night, in Paris, have come back astounde Reichel's decision. Carpentier cried with and M. Descamps, his manager, well, near him. Still the fight will have done lot of good, and after all perhaps the decisi than a lot that have been given at the Na I am told it was a bad English verdict and one. For those who don't know the differe this. Carpentier won the points, but was at the finish. And it is—or rather was—bo and America that has developed the crouching of fighting, and Yankee referees think one worth ten that count for points with English

Willie Farrell, who was the hero of a at Hampstead, last week, when he whose horse had run away with her, with Vittet, the French boy at Cardiff, out of the running as a light-weight, Farrell's claim against Welsh for the Lonsdale belt home.

At least that is the present idea, but Kid of the feather-weight trophy, is finding increasing so fast that I think I can that he will never fight to retain it. authority that he was 9st. 7lbs. when he Seaman Hayes is due a match with Lewis Fred Blakeborough, of Bingley, by knocking fourteenth round at the National on Monday. a lot of trouble with his weight, and had to of a pound rubbed off him last Monday before get down to the requisite 9st.

So we may see Hayes get the belt with it, and there may have to be another between Farrell and Kid Lewis before we British opponent.

Important coming events are Jimmy Wilde pandy Terror v. Husson, the French marvel, on Monday, and Bombardier Wells v. Lauri bury Music Hall on Thursday.

THE CHEL

THE PEER AND THE PENNY

A certain eccentric Irish Peer, chiefly really extraordinary shabbiness of appearance his aunt, the Countess of C —, upon expedition to Oxford Street. Wishing to of a rather intimate nature, the Countess pet dog, a disreputable-looking, cross-bred him to wait for her outside. Holding the [illegible] tion was attracted by a fussy, who had paused immediately in front struggling with the intricacies of an old-fashioned wrist bag. The next moment, to his utter distress, she had thrust a penny between the of his left hand. "There you are, my whispered hurriedly, and melted away into the Peer stood quite still for some moments down at the humble copper in his gravely, he pocketed it. We wonder hint, and buy himself a very much needed clothes?

* * *

There was a rush, so the Conservative sign the Ulster Covenant, and now we hear that tary officers are re-signing. That's not playing fair. "One man, one signature," is our motto

RACING ROOKS.

...ul five hundred pounds obtained from a young ...th in one afternoon, not long ago, represented a ...ic "scoop" on the part of a pair of "racing ...tale pitchers," and as the flat-racing season of ...s now begun, and the camp-followers of the sport of ...ge in active operation all over the country, some ...ts of these astute gentry's methods of work may be ...t—and ... service to those of our readers who ...

... "race tale" is an up-to-date form ...dolence trick; and it has the additional ad...ering a variety of methods of working. ...s to play on the cupidity and the sporting- or ...fine ... instincts of the victim at the same time. ...un" seeks to persuade the mug to entrust ...m to back a "sure thing" with, whereupon ...the "book" disappears, and the pigeon sees him ...

...a nutshell, is the main idea. We may now ...some of the ways of working it. ...book and his "pal"—these gentry generally work ...and for the purposes of a really big coup even ...may be called into requisition—will stroll casu... ...the platform of a station just before a race-train ...gve ... appear unconcerned, but they are in ... the occupants of the carriages with con...rest. ...

...do. I think, Alf," one will say quietly, at ...Alf nods. There is an obvious "mug," or ...alone. Nothing could be more propitious. ...its of industry get in. ...when the train has started, the two "heads" ...in earnest undertones, which however they ...ive to make easily audible to the prospective ...

...get that letter from —?" one asks, mentioning ...some famous trainer, or jockey, e.g., Wootton, ...Robinson, or Templeman. The other answers ...astic affirmative. "Then he says it's a 'snip' ...does he?" is the next question. "Aye!" is ...answer. "I'm going to have a packet on!" ...up his ears. He joins in the con... ...the other two pretend to be annoyed) ...discover the name of the "snip" for the ...reign unwillingness to tell him, alleging ...wish to spoil the market; but eventually ...wards him, discover him to be a sport; and ...him that they will be able to obtain a much ...about the horse than he could, persuade him ...money to them to invest for him. ...een judges of appearances. If they realize ...handed over his little all, he will see them no ...if they set him down as a man of substance, they ...give him a "sweetener." ...honestly invest his money for him on a really ...ion, and nobly bring him back his winnings— ...so for £4 or £5 invested. This pleases the ...is now almost frenziedly anxious to entrust ... precious pair for the next event. ...they "have" him for all he has got, and ...say. ...

...story is told of a mug who tried to be "fly." ...ded his "packet" to a pair of heads to invest ...and needless to say, they did not invest it. ...joy it won. To their proportionate horror he ...the refre...hment-bar after the race, and timidly ...winnings. ...frightfully sorry, dear old boy," said the ...the pair, "but the good thing didn't come ...

..."luck," interposed the "can," pointing through ..."There's its number surely, in the frame." ...slapped him jovially on the back. "Why, you ...die!" he chuckled, "*Those* are the runners ...race!" ...

...have hinted, the "race tale" is a very lucrative ...a great many of its exponents. Numbers of ...handsome houses in smart suburbs, or in cham... ...West End. They are supposed by their ...and tradesmen and others, to be prosperous ...or professional betting men, whereas they are ...than "racing heads." But they live well, ...and retire on comfortable fortunes—if they ...are level-headed.

"Bishop's Gate" Sports House

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

When we tell you we have a Safety Razor at one shilling each, including three blades, which will beat any guinea article of a similar nature on the market, you shrug your shoulders and say impossible. It is, however, a straight statement of fact, and we are quite willing for you to test it at our expense. If the razor does not give you the most delightful shave you had in your life, return it to us and we will refund your shilling, and 6d. extra to cover your expenses.

A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.

Total = 1/-

Our Razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves

WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is in this that the secret of our razor lies; just give it a trial and you will say it is the best thing you have ever struck in all your life. Also remember, we make the above statements knowing them to be quite true, and are sure that, although the razor is so low a price, it will add to our reputation.

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

THE CONSTANTLY FALLING MARKETS during the past month have brought about a depreciation of something like £40,000,000 in the market value of 380 odd representative Stock Exchange securities, says the "Bankers' Magazine," but if the improvement of the last two or three days is continued at the same rate the depreciation will be recovered in less than three weeks. A feeling is permeating the Stock Exchange that it will not be long before we have a Tory Ministry, and this is causing a greater cheerfulness than is warranted by the state of business; in fact, very little business is being done. Fortunately, money is going to be very plentiful after the turn of the quarter, and it remains cheap and seems likely to be cheap for some considerable time to come. New issues have fallen off very much, and those offered are not going at all well—no one seems to be willing to indulge in fresh commitments. The position, of course, is dominated by Ulster at the moment, and as soon as the Ulster difficulty is definitely settled markets will rapidly rise.

* * *

The dealers have worked down **HOME RAILS** in view of possible trouble in Ulster. They were already very cheap, and are bound to rise considerably during the present year. The threat of a general railway strike before Christmas helped them downwards, but the traffic returns show satisfactory averages, and Great Centrals 1891 and 1894, North-Easterns, North-Westerns, and Great Westerns are all good purchases, bringing in a sure 5 per cent.

* * *

MEXICAN STOCKS are sensibly higher, but this does not mean that the position is any more secure. As a matter of fact, the revolutionaries under General Villa are gaining ground, and we shall see a further big slump in Mexicans, and advantage should be taken of the present comparatively good prices to sell. The announcement that the April coupon of the '99 Loan is to be paid out of funds collected in the hands of European agents shows the keen anxiety of the people on this side to hold the markets up and avoid default as long as possible.

* * *

THE NEWS FROM BRAZIL is very bad, and the financial condition of the country extremely serious. There is no truth whatever in the report that the Rothschilds intend to assist the Brazilian Government. Brazilians are going to be a constantly falling market for some time to come.

* * *

ARGENTINE STOCKS, too, are bound to go lower. The splendid maize crops this year saved the country from economic collapse, but prices are sure to be down, and buyers of these stocks should wait.

* * *

THE WALL STREET BEARS have been buying back American rails, and this has kept prices firm in spite of the rumours which are current about some of the lines. The Rock Island is in a bad way, and is about to ask for the huge sum of 50,000,000 dollars, and it is stated on good authority that the Chesapeake is likely to pass its dividend. Cautious people should also dispose of Kansas and Texas, Denvers and Missouri, and Pacific stocks.

* * *

CANADIAN RAILS have been dull, the latest traffic figures showing considerable decreases. Still, prices are keeping up fairly well. It is said that Canadas are shortly putting out a fresh debenture issue for the purpose of increasing the company's fleet of steamers.

* * *

OILS are quiet. A collapse is coming in Venezuelans. Maikop Premiers are sinking two new wells, North Caucasians are doing well, and also Spies. In the Rubber Market, plantation rubber is finding it very difficult to its own, and the only companies which have success are those that are able to reduce their Pataling and Straits are both good to buy.

* * *

THE RUSSIAN MARKET has shown activity, but it is going to be difficult for sustained. Mining shares generally are rather be Tin showing a considerable jump on receipt of tory cable. Chartereds are weak. The Brakp was very disappointing. Good news came from Lyell, and these shares promise to go considerably Cobalts are acutely weak, and everybody selling. Kaffirs are improving slowly.

* * *

PARIS is to issue the first portion of £ £10,000,000 Greek Five per Cent. Loan, and l issue £1,500,000 on Tuesday next at 92¼, the remain offered in New York. The revenues allocated to the of the Loan show an adequate surplus but the position is somewhat doubtful, as she has not the tive power of Bulgaria or even Servia. Government is also about to arrange for a loan of and Bulgaria wants £10,000,000.

* * *

The Belgian Three per Cent. Loan of 1914 for £ was largely over-subscribed, and the scrip is now at 7-16 premium for the special settlement.

* * *

The Glasgow Corporation is about to issue £ new Three-and-a Half per Cent. Redeemable Stock the place of the issue of £2,200,000 maturing in M

* * *

Waring and Gillow's report was very interesti reflects great credit on the present management company. The Debenture interest was earned about over. Schweppes' report is out. The Deferred shar again receive 6 per cent., and the reserve accou £95,000.

Where there's a bill there's a pay.

* * *

It is easy to be human, but humanism is a dizzy look at man.

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHA

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A TODDLE ROUND TOWN.

We have no guides to London, no signposts to lead us through the bewildering mazes of our surging metropolis, no advisors to select for us the meaty and nutty spots of our city for visitations. No real guides that is, for guide-books there are in plenty, and of Cook's men there are hordes; hordes of those dapper, neat-moustached men, who, with outstretched arm and extended forefinger, are ready to bear down upon the innocent stranger and glibly rattle off their original narratives of the beauties of London, with so sad a countenance and with such lack of conviction as to lead one to imagine that one was listening to a speech in the House of Commons.

The Londoner himself needs no guide; he has learnt sufficient about his city to know that he doesn't want to know more about it, and to know that museum-discovering and picture-gallery-hunting leads only to headaches, sore throats, sour tempers, addled heads, and jumbled recollections, whereas, by stepping round the corner to his suburban picture-palace and investing threepence, he may enjoy a comfy plush tip-up chair, a smoke, a sleep maybe, and indulge in a hearty laugh as well as seeing some few tens of thousands of separate lifelike pictures.

But it is the country and colonial visitor and the stranger within our gates for whom we feel so deeply, and for whom the notes set out below are provided. He comes to London to see the sights, but so little is he considered by the authorities here, that he wanders around haphazard, and finally returns to his native town or country; this one who never managed to escape from the net of Soho, to relate that Londoners are all furriners; that one, who was struggling with a large map in the Strand during the greater portion of the day's excursion, to tell his friends that London is a place of thieves who steal your watches, and a third who got lost in the Tube after he left the station, and never managed to reach the surface, returning the way he came, to name our glorious city in the eyes of the world by declaring abroad in his native village that London is all "chewbes," that Londoners live like rabbits, and the only food you get there is chocolates from a machine.

Having proved the vital necessity that exists for a real guide-book for the stranger to London, we now set out the first of a series of trips round the metropolis, which will be continued from week to week. These tours will be described in so simple a manner that no mistakes or misapprehensions can arise; strict economy will be observed, and the whole information, wit, and chatty tit-bits, as to serve by mere reading to wile away many a weary winter's hour. We now introduce:—

OUR GUIDE TO LONDON.

Leaving the portals of the station behind us we hail a cab, gaily mount it, and are whirled away amidst the busy throngs of London. Merrily dashing along Broad Street, we pass the STOCK EXCHANGE, where top-hatted men may be seen frenziedly dashing about, many of them wearing large, false, cardboard noses in honour of St. Patrick. The passage of CHEAPSIDE is an exciting and exhilarating diversion, for we must remember that this is a dangerous area due to the giddy surge and swirl of traffic; last year's blood toll, by the way, being 28 killed and 179 maimed, sadly enough, before the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily Mail* insurance schemes were benevolently set on foot. Passing on the left

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, which is a holy place of worship, used also by the Suffragettes when they sing their anthem, and on our right

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, which is a central office used for posting letters, where the quantity of deliveries was so great last year that if the missives had been placed corner to corner, they would have reached four times round the moon, and there would have even then been enough left over to loop the loop nine and half times—we at length arrive after a breathless journey at

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, in the Kingsway. This remarkable edifice was built at an enormous cost, probably by the Romans, many workmen working for many months, using large quantities of mortar and materials until the structure was completed. It is one of London's best-preserved ruins and the purpose for which it was intended has never yet been satisfactorily explained, although legend has it that gladiatorial combats were once held there in which dwarfs and wild animals took part. Briskly stepping from our conveyance and tendering the skilful cabman one shilling (legal fare) with a smile and a nod at his cheery "good-day," we make our way leisurely on foot down

THE STRAND, where we pluck an occasional exotic fruit and glance in at Christie's and other of the famous auction-rooms that are to be found in the neighbourhood, where gold-rolled watches, after being started by the auctioneer at £3 10s., can be bought for the ridiculous price of 30s., and where presents are often given away to non-purchasers. We next proceed in happy mood to

LEICESTER SQUARE, noted for its "Tooth Hospital," and then, treading in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson and William Shakespeare, we reach

PICCADILLLY CIRCUS, far-famed for its Tube Station. Here, with no previous knowledge of the language, any quick-witted person can learn French in a very short space of time by listening to the conversation between any two individuals who may be seen waiting for conveyances. As the performances in the circus do not commence until 8 p.m., we step over to

WHITEHALL, where the Life Guards may be seen in their metal casings, which are unlocked only once in a twelvemonth. Tread lightly, for before us stand

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, and it was just upon this spot that Thomas Gray stood when he conceived that famous line of his

"Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

We now bethink ourselves of the wise and weighty phrase of the ponderous Dr. Johnson: "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street, and study men—and women," and agreeing in part with his suggestion we set out for

FLEET STREET. This street is famous for many reasons. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, or we are led to deduce, spread out his cloak to protect the legs of Queen Bess from the Fleet Street mud. Mud-slinging still goes on here. This famous street has achieved new honours of late; a lady of some distinction has just gone into residence, namely Fat Marie, who measures about three feet round the calf, and can be seen and prodded for the price of one penny. Fleet Street is also crowded with editors, who sit all day in their offices signing cheques, and Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Hall Caine, G. K. Chesterton, and others can be seen at any hour of the day dashing from office to office with their "copy".

M. L.

Speculation has been rife as to the reason for the smallness of the Royal Circle at the Courts held at Buckingham Palace this year. The fact is these functions are intolerably dull nowadays, and the King, with the kindest of fellow-feelings for his Royal relatives, does not make a point of their attendance. The regulations which discourage frequent attendances at Buckingham Palace have also been very literally interpreted in the highest circles, with the result that the Courts consist in a curtseying procession of *nouveaux riches* who have no interest at all for the Royal Family.

* * *

There is much hospitality at the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, and the evening parties there have been unkindly called "Prince Lichnowsky's Wonder Zoo," since a point is made of inviting to each of them a number of theatrical and musical celebrities who are not usually seen at Ambassadorial entertainments, which mostly are extremely exclusive, and also very dull affairs.

* * *

The Duke of Devonshire's retrenchments and sale of Caxtons would not have been necessary if his predecessor had made the provision for meeting the death duties that other rich peers have done. During the palmiest days of Chatsworth, some ten or fifteen years ago, things were conducted with a lavishness that has no equal nowadays, and an income credibly placed at nearly half a million did not suffice to meet the outgoings.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

The flat racing campaign of 1914 has opened in really brilliant style. Both Lincoln and Liverpool provided sport of the highest class, and it was a good omen that on the opening day on the Carholme no fewer than 112 horses competed, constituting a record for the first day of the season. Many sportsmen who did not patronise the winter game attended the opening gatherings, and there was quite the usual reunion of old friends at Lincoln. The alterations made in the programme, the Batthyany Plate, Brocklesby Stakes, and Lincolnshire Handicap being run on different days from those of recent years, worked out very well, and the racing maintained its highly interesting standard throughout.

* * *

With runners so plentiful during the past week, practically all the well-known jockeys were seen in the saddle. A notable return was made by Herbert Randall, who resigned his riding licence two seasons ago when he took to training. Randall was well in the leading flight of riders a few years ago, and now that he has given up training he should again steer plenty of winners. He certainly made an auspicious beginning by winning on his first mount, Toothbrush, in the Carholme Selling Plate on the opening afternoon.

* * *

Familiar faces among the jockeys who have been missed so far are Maher, Frank Wootton and Higgs. Maher has not, unfortunately, sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to ride yet, and as is well known Wootton and Higgs have retired from the saddle. Wootton's fine career as a horseman had to be terminated on account of his increasing weight, but Higgs has dropped out to devote his attention to breeding and training.

* * *

At this early period of the year it is a favourite practice, and frequently a very profitable one, with many punters to take a number of horses and follow them systematically throughout the campaign. There is no doubt that a backer is certain to do better by systematic wagering than by speculating in haphazard fashion, and by patiently following a horse it is always on the cards that the particular animal will, when he scores, do so at a long price. Very few horses that have any decent form behind them fail to win at least one race during the year.

* * *

Appended are a dozen horses which, on an increasing stake, should pay their way during the season:—

Cantilever, 4 years, b c, by Bridge of Canny—Lighthead.
Parhelion, 3 years, ch c, by Sundridge—Our Lassie.
Florist, 4 years, b c, by Florizel II.—Ladytown.
Major Symons, 5 years, b h, by General Symons—Auburn's Hill.
Rivoli, 5 years, b h, by Robert le Diable—Marliacea.
Romeo, 6 years, b h, by Flying Fox—Glare.
The Boss, 4 years, ch c, by Orby—Southern Cross.
Happy Warrior, 3 years, b c, by Sundridge—Sweet Lassie.
Radway, 3 years, b c, by The White Knight—Sluice.
Brotherstone, 3 years, ch c, by Ian—Bettyfield.
Pearldiver, 6 years, ch g, by Watercress—Pearl V.
Cassim, aged, br h, by Desmond—Cassimere.

* * *

In the above list I have not selected a two-year-old as at this early stage it is difficult to tell how they will turn out. However, in a few weeks I will add three juveniles who appear likely to win races.

* * *

There is plenty of racing for the coming week. Warwick will be decided on Monday and Tuesday, Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday, Croxton Park and Eglinton Hunt clashing with the Midland fixture on the second day, and Derby on Friday and Saturday, the Eglinton Hunt gathering clashing on Friday.

* * *

At Warwick on Monday Throsga may secure the Hampton Welter Handicap. Major Symons the Shakespeare Welter Handicap, and Sketchy Bits the Stratford Selling Handicap. The Town Handicap on the second day may fall to Velociter, the Avon Selling Handicap to Count Oso, and the Spring Three-Year-Old Handicap to Serenity.

* * *

Newbury will provide excellent sport. On the opening day the Berkshire Three-Year-Old Handicap may be won by Mount William, the Chieveley Handicap by Quar... and the Compton Selling Handicap by Melton Prior. ... interest on Thursday will be centred in the Spring ... in which Aldegond should follow up his success of last ... The Thatcham Long Distance Handicap on the same ... may fall to Pearldiver.

* * *

At Croxton Park Polyglot may take the Granby Ha... cap and Thunderstone the Billesdon Plate.

* * *

The Eglinton Hunt meeting at Bogside will supply ... under both codes. On Thursday Lilliesleaf may win ... Irvine Town Plate, and Hornby the Eglinton Welter. ... Scottish Grand National Steeplechase on the second ... may be won by Wilkinstown, and the Bogside Handicap ... Flying Acro.

* * *

Percival Keene should win the Doveridge Handicap ... the first day at Derby, and Sylva the Quarndon Three-Y... Old Handicap. On Saturday Lichen may take the Der... shire Handicap, and Dunholm the Chaddesden.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CA...

A question often asked by a "Cyclecarist" is, "Which ... the best make of cycle car? Which make do you advise ... to buy?" My answer to this is that there is no best ... I have tried many makes of cycle car, from the home-... machine to the machine-de-luxe, and I am strongly ... favour of those made on car lines, being fitted with ... and four-cylinder engine, and, except for size, for all ... poses a miniature car.

* * *

Many people say that this necessitates a larger ... but surely it is false economy to purchase a cheaper ... which you have to scrap at the end of the year, whereas ... a few more pounds' outlay you can get a machine that ... last twice or three times as long, and at smaller cost ... upkeep.

* * *

Could not these miniature cars be more suitably ... Surely the name cycle cars, for machines such as ... is not only misleading, but does not do them justice. ... not "Carettes" be a better name?

* * *

The original "cycle-cars" deserved their name, for ... were but glorified motor-cycles—usually a twin cyl... motor cycle engine fitted on an indifferent chassis and ... power transmitted by a usually unsatisfactory type of ... drive.

* * *

But when one sees small but luxurious motor-cars run... about the road and hears them termed "cycle-cars" ... it is like hearing a thousand-guinea car called a runab... I for one shall call them "Carettes."

PRACTICAL HINTS.

On a wet day a little glycerine rubbed on the wind-scr... will keep the rain from obscuring the vision.

* * *

If you encounter much grease, and have not got a ... skid fitted, a cord wound round the rim and tyre will rem... this defect.

* * *

I see that seats to fit the carriers of motor-cycles are ... on the market. I think that the practice of taking pass... gers on the carrier is not only dangerous, but spells ... tion to the machine and tyres, and needs suppression ... than further encouragement.

* * *

I was in the country some time ago, and in the yard ... the hotel I was stopping at I saw the ostler cleaning a mot... cycle "carriage-fashion." He was standing about three ... four yards away from the machine and squirting water thro... his hose all over it. I imagine the owner had trouble ... the morning when he tried to start, as his float-chamber ... have been full of water.

* * *

If you ever intend leaving your machine to the ... mercies of an ostler, a good plan is to turn off your pet... take the float cover off your float-chamber, clean out the ... maining spirit with some waste, and then insert a piece ... clean rag, and replace the cover. Then any water that ... finds its way into the float-chamber will be absorbed by ... the wad.

C. A. B...

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I have been this week in Ulster, where the coats come from, and where "No Home Rule" is the battle cry. (No politics, or I will unsheath my blue pencil.—Editor.) The gentlemen in that portion of the distressful island are well combed, well featured and well dressed. The men are well set-up and of good carriage, and most of the clothes seen on the streets, are of the semi-country, semi-town easy fitting style.

* * *

The head of a big linen manufacturing concern enters his office in much the same toggery that he would do a day's rough shooting in the country. The clothes, though easy fitting and easy fitting, are well cut, showing that there are good tailors about.

* * *

You will have seen that new coat, very loose in body and with arm-hole extending down to about waistline. It has been, however, more taken up by ladies than men. This is really a very old fashion revived, and its birth-place is Ireland, where forty years ago the gentlemen farmers stepped on their sack of homespun, and, with a gun under arm, inspected crops with the relief to tedium of an odd shot at a hare or rabbit.

* * *

Reminiscencing about this new-old style coat causes me to wonder what has become of the old trouser maker, the man who made the perfect trousers, and who made them so continually. One item of the perfect trouser I practically never see now, that is the trouser which holds firm to the heel, and which has, in walking, a rise and fall on the heel from nothing to half an inch. To-day even very expensive trousers are up and down on heel, like the tailor on horseback. You see one man on horseback; man and horse are one, walking, trotting, or on the gallop, seat and saddle as if seccotined together. The other man is up and down, in and out; and this is the difference between perfectly formed trouser and what we get to-day. Trouser and boot should be one, and they are not so.

* * *

I think the decadence of workmanship is due to the decline of the apprenticeship system in tailoring, and the perfecting of machining. It may seem odd to couple decadence and perfecting in a stated effect; but the fact is that machining in trousers—no matter how perfect the machine may be—is not suitable to the work. The moulding of the leg over hip, down thigh, into knee, round a prominent calf, and into heel, cannot be effectively and well done on a machine by a machine.

* * *

Therefore, give me—if he is to be found—the trouser maker who sat down on the board as soon as he left school, served his six or seven years' apprenticeship, called himself a trouser maker, was one, and is one.

* * *

S. L. M. (Edinburgh) writes to know how to avoid bagging at the knees in trousers. There are two items in this question; one is how to avoid the bagging; and the other, what to do when they are bagged.

* * *

As to how to avoid bagging, there is the old tailoring joke of the Savile Row artist asked this question and replying that the best plan was to order a dozen pairs at a time.

* * *

However, bar jokes, to avoid bagging see that the material is pure wool—wool has resilience and elasticity, cotton has none. Never wear the same trousers daily. Let Monday's bags lie carefully folded from Monday night till Wednesday morning—and if longer so much the better. Do not have the trousers cut without ample width at knee, and the present fashion assists in this.

* * *

If the bagging is *un fait accompli* and the material is part cotton, the only remedy is a new pair. If of pure wool, the firm of cleaners and pressers which I mentioned a few weeks ago will, for a very small sum, clean, press and repair, and furthermore have a splendid system of pressing and moulding a bagged knee into its former and original tightliness and shape.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

C. D. P. (Attleborough).—We do not now supply the "Modern Man" safety razor blades. Have sent letter and P.O. to the Anglo-American Trading Co., Ltd., 10, New Union Street, E.C., who will attend to your order.

W. R. (Salop).—We thought every business and literary man had a fountain pen nowadays. Personally, we use a Waterman's Ideal, which we find top-hole.

J. E. S. (South Ealing).—Thanks for "improved" drawing, which is very amusing. But you forget we are a family paper.

T. R. (West Kensington).—No takers. We can quite believe the stuff is original, though. It is too bad to be anything else.

S. T. (Golder's Green).—We cannot undertake to criticise effusions which are no use to us. Yours found the W.P.B., as you did not enclose stamp for return.

Beginner (Chichester).—The pseudonym is apt. We could almost have guessed that you have never had a drawing published before. You never will unless you take more care and get to know something of drawing for reproduction. Even then——!

Veldt (Capetown).—The Bisley meeting commences July 13th, and lasts until July 25th. All the best shots of the Empire get here sooner or later.

F. R. L. (Dulwich).—Th Underground poster advertising Elwin Neame's photographic business is a reproduction of Mrs. Elwin Neame, who was Miss Ivy Close, the famous beauty. We do not think it is very attractive.

B. L. (Woolwich).—In the case of a man of normal build the stirrup leather should be of sufficient length to permit of the stirrup comfortably touching the chest under the armpit when the tips of the fingers are touching the point where the stirrup-leather attaches to the saddle.

Armfield (Bradford).—You are correct. Nijinski is a Russian Civil Servant of importance, as is every other distinguished member of the Russian Imperial Ballet. He can only appear outside Russia by special consent of the Czar, but I do not suppose Nicholas II. spends many hours per diem issuing Imperial edicts concerning his dancers' dispositions, otherwise Pavlova and Kyasht alone would be sufficient to ensure him at least one sick headache weekly.

G. E. B. (Wells).—C. A. H. answers your querjes in this week's motoring notes.

N. E. K. S. (Surbiton).—The game of greatest popularity which is most free from professionalism is unquestionably hockey.

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Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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